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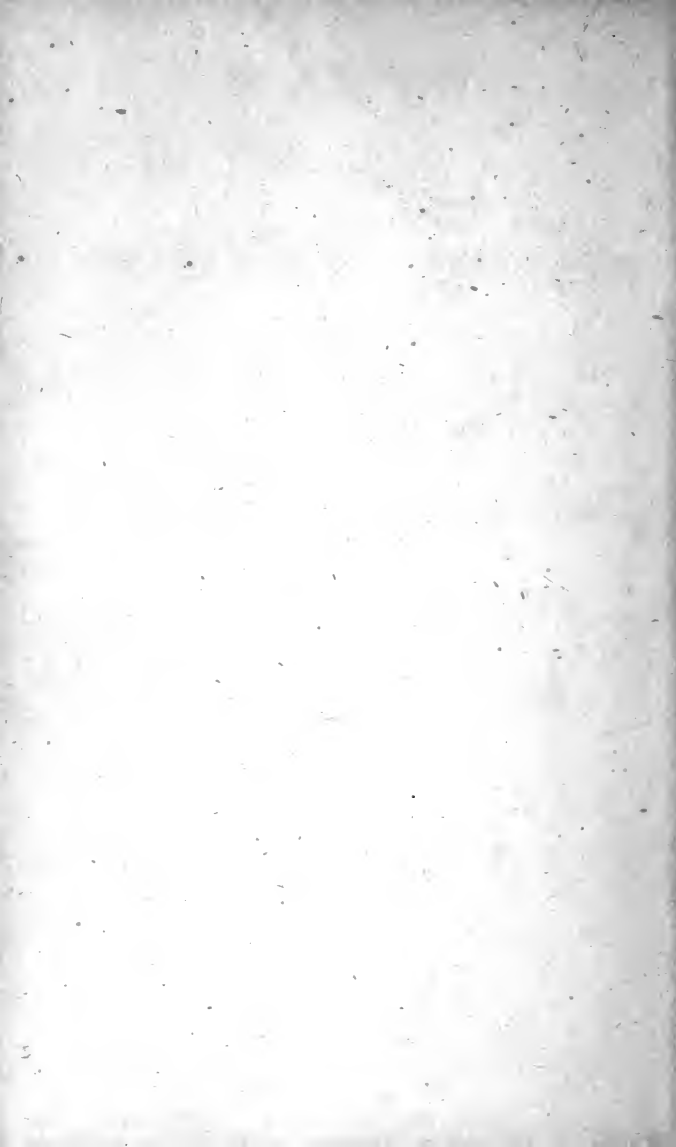
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BY THE

THE

PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL CHURCH

OF THE UNITED STATES

OF AMERICA

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H Y M N S

OF THE

PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL CHURCH

OF THE

UNITED STATES,

AS AUTHORIZED BY THE GENERAL CONVENTION.

WITH AN

ADDITIONAL SELECTION,

BY C. W. ANDREWS,

OF THE DIOCESE OF VIRGINIA.

PHILADELPHIA:

H. HOOKER.

1843.



Philadelphia :
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P R E F A C E .

THE Hymns following to No. 212, are the same as those in the Book of Common Prayer, having been struck from stereotype plates.

With regard to the remainder, it is scarcely necessary to say that they are not intended for use in the stated services of the Church. For these services provision is already made by authority, in a version of the Psalms and a selection of Hymns of unequalled excellence, so far as it extends. The selection here added is the result of the compiler's experience in weekly lectures and meetings for prayer, and was undertaken for the use of his own parish. But as a number of his brethren in the ministry have expressed their approbation of the design, and a desire to possess such a selection, greater effort has been made to render it valuable than was at first contemplated.

It is perhaps generally known that in the Established Church of England, every congregation either publishes or selects its own Hymn Book. Very extensive use has been made in the following selection of those prepared by the Hon. and Rev. Baptist W. Noel, and the Rev. Edward Bickersteth, of which latter work, more than seventy thousand are in use in the Church in England. In selecting from the great number of hymns before the compiler in the preparation of this work, it has been his chief concern that the doctrine and probable impression of every hymn admitted, should be in strict accordance with the word of God. And he has endeavoured to cherish a sense of the solemn responsibility of preparing that which any of the people of God may adopt as a channel through which to offer their praises to the GREAT JEHOVAH.

THE HISTORY

OF THE

The history of the world is a vast and complex subject, encompassing the lives and actions of countless individuals and the events that have shaped our planet. From the dawn of civilization to the present day, the human story is one of constant change and evolution. The early years of our species are marked by a struggle for survival, as our ancestors sought to adapt to their environments and overcome the challenges of a harsh world. Over time, however, we have developed the capacity for reason and self-awareness, which has allowed us to build societies, create art, and explore the frontiers of knowledge. The history of the world is not just a record of events, but a testament to the resilience and ingenuity of the human spirit. It is a story of triumph and tragedy, of hope and despair, of the triumph of good over evil, and of the enduring power of love and compassion. As we look back on the long and winding path of human history, we are struck by the remarkable achievements of our ancestors and the profound impact they have had on the world we live in today. Their struggles and their triumphs are a part of our shared heritage, and they continue to inspire and guide us as we move forward into the future. The history of the world is a story that never ends, and it is one that we are all a part of. It is a story of the human condition, and it is a story that we must all learn to live by.

H Y M N S.

I. THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

HYMN 1. (C. M.)

GREAT God! with wonder and with
praise
On all thy works I look;
But still thy wisdom, power, and grace,
Shine brightest in thy book.

2 The stars, that in their courses roll,
Have much instruction given:
But thy good word informs my soul
How I may soar to heaven.

3 The fields provide me food, and show
The goodness of the Lord;
But fruits of life and glory grow
In thy most holy word.

4 Here are my choicest treasures hid;
Here my best comfort lies;
Here my desires are satisfied,
And here my hopes arise.

5 Lord, make me understand thy law,
Show what my faults have been,
And from thy gospel let me draw
Pardon for all my sin.

6 Here would I learn how Christ has
died
To save my soul from hell;
Not all the books on earth beside,
Such heavenly wonders tell.

7 Then let me love my Bible more,
And take a fresh delight,
By day to read these wonders o'er,
And meditate by night.

HYMN 2. (C. M.)

FATHER of mercies! in thy word
What endless glory shines!
For ever be thy name adored,
For these celestial lines.

2 Here may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find;
Riches above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.

3 Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
And yields a free repast;
Sublimers sweets than nature knows
Invite the longing taste.

4 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.

5 O may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.

6 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
Be thou for ever near;
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there.

II. CREATION.

HYMN 3. (C. M.)

GREAT first of beings! mighty Lord
Of all this wondrous frame I
Produced by thy creating word,
The world from nothing came.

2 Thy voice sent forth the high com-
mand,
'Twas instantly obey'd:
And through thy goodness all things
stand,
Which by thy power were made.

3 Lord! for thy glory shine the whole;
They all reflect thy light:
For this—in course the planets roll,
And day succeeds the night.

4 For this—the sun dispenses heat
And beams of cheering day;
And distant stars in order set,
By night thy power display.

5 For this—the earth its produce yields,
For this—the waters flow;
And blooming plants adorn the fields,
And trees aspiring grow.

6 Inspired with praise, our minds pursue
This wise and noble end—
That all we think, and all we do,
Shall to thine honour tend.

HYMN 4. (C. M.)

Genesis i.

LET heaven arise, let earth appear,
Proclaim'd the eternal Lord!
The heaven arose, the earth appear'd,
At his creating word.

2 But formless was the earth, and void,
Dark, sluggish, and confused;
Till o'er the mass the Spirit moved,
And quickening power diffused.

3 Then spake the Lord Omnipotent
The mandate, "Be there light!"
Light darted forth in vivid rays,
And scatter'd ancient night.

4 The glorious firmament he spread,
To part the earth and sky ;
And fix'd the upper elements
Within their spheres on high.

5 He bade the seas together flow ;
They left the solid land ;
And herbs and plants, and fruitful trees,
Sprung forth at his command.

6 Above, he form'd the stars ; and
placed
Two greater orbs of light ;
The radiant sun to rule the day,
The moon to rule the night.

7 To all the varied living tribes
He gave their wondrous birth ;
Some form'd within the watery deep,
Some, from the teeming earth.

8 Then, chief o'er all his works below,
Man, honour'd man, was made ;
His soul with God's pure image stamp'd,
With innocence array'd.

9 Completed now the mighty work,
God his creation view'd ;
And, pleased with all that he had made,
Pronounced it "very good."

HYMN 5. (II. 1.)

*Psalm cxlviii.**Praise from living Creatures.*

BEGIN, my soul, the exalted lay,
Let each enraptured thought obey,
And praise the Almighty's name ;
Let heaven and earth, and seas and
skies,
In one melodious concert rise,
To swell the inspiring theme.

2 Ye angels, catch the thrilling sound,
While all the adoring thrones around
His boundless mercy sing ;
Let every listening saint above
Wake all the tuneful soul of love,
And touch the sweetest string.

3 Whate'er this living world contains
That wings the air, or treads the plains,
United praise bestow ;
Ye tenants of the ocean wide,
Proclaim him through the mighty tide,
And in the deeps below.

4 Let man, by nobler passions sway'd,
The feeling heart, the judging head,
In heavenly praise employ ;
Spread HIS tremendous Name around,
While heaven's broad arch rings back
the sound,
In a general burst of joy.

HYMN 6. (II. 1.)

*Psalm cxlviii.**Praise from the Elements and Worlds.*

YE fields of light, celestial plains,
Where pure, serene effulgence
reigns,

Ye scenes divinely fair,
Your Maker's wondrous power pro-
claim,
Tell how he form'd your shining frame
And breathed the fluid air.

2 Join, all ye stars, the vocal choir ;
Thou dazzling orb of liquid fire
The mighty chorus aid ;
And, soon as evening veils the plain,
Thou moon, prolong the hallow'd strain
And praise him in the shade.

3 Thou heaven of heavens, his vast
abode,
Proclaim the glories of thy God ;
Ye worlds, declare his might ;
He spake the word, and ye were made.
Darkness and dismal chaos fled,
And nature sprung to light.

4 Let every element rejoice ;
Ye thunders, burst with awful voice
To him who bids you roll ;
His praise in softer notes declare,
Each whispering breeze of yielding air,
And breathe it to the soul.

HYMN 7. (L. M.)

Psalm xix.

THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.

2 The unwearied sun from day to day
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.

3 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale
And, nightly, to the listening earth,
Repeats the story of her birth ;

4 Whilst all the stars that round her
burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

5 What though in solemn silence all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball ;
What though no real voice nor sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found ;

6 In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
For ever singing as they shine,
"The hand that made us is divine."

III. PROVIDENCE.

HYMN 8. (L. M.)

ETERNAL Source of every joy !
Well may thy praise our lips em-
ploy,
While in thy temple we appear,
To hail thee sovereign of the year.

2 Wide as the wheels of nature roll,
Thy hand supports and guides the
whole :

The sun is taught by thee to rise,
And darkness when to veil the skies.

3 The flowery spring, at thy command,
Perfumes the air, and paints the land ;
The summer rays with vigour shine
To raise the corn and cheer the vine.

4 Thy hand in autumn richly pours
Through all our coasts redundant
stores ;

And winters, soften'd by thy care,
No more the face of horror wear.

5 Seasons, and months, and weeks, and
days,

Demand successive songs of praise ;
And be the grateful homage paid.
With morning light and evening shade.

6 Here in thy house let incense rise,
And circling sabbaths bless our eyes,
Till to those lofty heights we soar,
Where days and years revolve no more.

HYMN 9. (H. 3.)

Psalm xxiii.

THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's
care ;

His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye ;
My noonday walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary wandering steps he leads,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

3 Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread ;
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still :
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful
shade.

HYMN 10. (C. M.)

WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise !

2 O how shall words with equal warmth
The gratitude declare
That glows within my ravish'd heart !
But thou canst read it there.

3 Thy providence my life sustain'd,
And all my wants redrest,
When in the silent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breast.

4 To all my weak complaints and cries
Thy mercy lent an ear,

E'er yet my feeble thoughts had learnt
To form themselves in prayer.

5 Unnumber'd comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestow'd,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom those comforts flow'd.

6 When in the slippery paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, convey'd me safe,
And led me up to man.

7 Through hidden dangers, toils, and
deaths,
It gently clear'd my way,
And through the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be fear'd than they.

8 When worn with sickness, oft hast
thou
With health renew'd my face ;
And, when in sins and sorrows sunk,
Reviv'd my soul with grace.

9 Thy bounteous hand with worldly
bliss
Has made my cup run o'er ;
And in a kind and faithful friend
Has doubled all my store.

10 Ten thousand thousand precious
gifts
My daily thanks employ ;
Not is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

11 Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue ;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

12 When nature fails, and day and night
Divide thy works no more,
My ever grateful heart, O Lord,
Thy mercy shall adore.

13 Through all eternity, to thee
A joyful song I'll raise ;
But oh ! eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise.

HYMN 11. (H. 1.)

*Psalm xxxi. 15.**"My times are in thy hand."*

SOVEREIGN Ruler of the skies,
Ever gracious, ever wise,
All our times are in thy hand
All events at thy command.

2 He that form'd us in the womb,
He shall guide us to the tomb ;
All our ways shall ever be
Order'd by his wise decree.

3 Times of sickness, times of health,
Blighting want, and cheerful wealth,
All our pleasures, all our pains,
Come, and end, as God ordains.

4 May we always own thy hand,
Still to thee surrender'd stand,
Know that thou art God alone,
We and ours are all thy own !

HYMN 12. (C. M.)

GOD moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform ;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines,
With never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his gracious will.

3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace :
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour ;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain ;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

IV.—REDEMPTION.

HYMN 13. (S. M.)

Job ix. 2—6.

AH, how shall fallen man
Be just before his God !
If he contend in righteousness,
We sink beneath his rod.

2 If he our ways should mark
With strict inquiring eyes,
Could we for one of thousand faults
A just excuse devise.

3 All-seeing, powerful God !
Who can with thee contend ?
Or who that tries the unequal strife,
Shall prosper in the end ?

4 The mountains, in thy wrath,
Their ancient seats forsake !
The trembling earth deserts her place,
Her rooted pillars shake !

5 Ah, how shall guilty man
Contend with such a God ?
None, none can meet him, and escape,
But through the Saviour's blood.

HYMN 14. (L. M.)

Job ix. 30—33.

THOUGH I should seek to wash me
clean
In water of the driven snow,
My soul would yet its spot retain,
And sink in conscious guilt and woe :

2 The Spirit, in his power divine,
Would cast my vaunting soul to earth,

Expose the foulness of its sin,
And show the vileness of its worth.

3 Ah, not like erring man is God,
That men to answer him should dare ;
Condemn'd, and into silence awed,
They helpless stand before his bar.

4 There, must a Mediator plead,
Who, God and man, may both embrace ;
With God, for man to intercede,
And offer man the purchased grace.

5 And lo ! the Son of God is slain
To be this Mediator crown'd :
In Him, my soul, be cleansed from
stain,
In Him thy righteousness be found.

HYMN 15. (L. M.)

ALL glorious God, what hymns of
praise
Shall our transported voices raise !
What ardent love and zeal are due,
While heaven stands open to our view !

2 Once we were fall'n, and O how low !
Just on the brink of endless woe ;
When Jesus, from the realms above,
Borne on the wings of boundless love,

3 Scatter'd the shades of death and
night,
And spread around his heavenly light !
By him what wondrous grace is shown
To souls impoverish'd and undone !

4 He shows, beyond these mortal
shores,
A bright inheritance as ours :
Where saints in light our coming wait,
To share their holy, happy state.

HYMN 16. (C. M.)

SALVATION ! O the joyful sound,
Glad tidings to our ears,
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

2 Salvation ! buried once in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay ;
But now we rise by grace divine,
And see a heavenly day.

3 Salvation ! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around ;
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

4 Salvation ! O thou bleeding Lamb,
To Thee the praise belongs ;
Our hearts shall kindle at thy Name,
Thy Name inspire our songs.

Chorus, for the end of each verse.

Glory, honour, praise, and power,
Be unto the Lamb for ever ;
Jesus Christ is our Redeemer !
Hallelujah, praise the Lord !

HYMN 17. (C. M.)

To our Redeemer's glorious Name
Awake the sacred song!
O may his love (immortal flame!)
Tune every heart and tongue.

2 His love, what mortal thought can reach!
What mortal tongue display!
Imagination's utmost stretch
In wonder dies away.

3 He left his radiant throne on high,
Left the bright realms of bliss,
And came to earth to bleed and die!
Was ever love like this?

4 Dear Lord, while we adoring pay
Our humble thanks to thee,
May every heart with rapture say,
"The Saviour died for me."

5 O may the sweet, the blissful theme
Fill every heart and tongue;
Till strangers love thy charming Name,
And join the sacred song.

HYMN 18. (III. 3.)

SAVIOUR, source of every blessing,
Tune my harp to grateful lays;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for ceaseless songs of praise.

2 Teach me some melodious measure,
Sung by raptured saints above;
Fill my soul with sacred pleasure,
While I sing redeeming love.

3 Thou didst seek me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
Thou, to save my soul from danger,
Didst redeem me with thy blood.

4 By thy hand restored, defended,
Safe through life thus far I've come;
Safe, O Lord, when life is ended,
Bring me to my heavenly home.

HYMN 19. (C. M.)

Titus iii. 4-7.

MY grateful soul, for ever praise,
For ever love his Name,
Who turn'd thee from the fatal paths
Of folly, sin, and shame.

2 Vain and presumptuous is the trust
Which in our works we place;
Salvation from a higher source
Flows to our fallen race.

3 'Tis from the love of God, through
Christ,
That all our hopes begin;
His mercy saved our souls from death,
And wash'd us from our sin.

4 His Spirit, through the Saviour shed,
His sacred fire imparts,
Removes our dross, and love divine
Enkindles in our hearts.

5 Thus raised from death, we live anew;
And, justified by grace,
We hope in glory to appear,
And see our Father's face.

HYMN 20. (C. M.)

HOW helpless guilty nature lies,
Unconscious of its load:
The heart unchanged can never rise
To happiness and God.

2 The will perverse, the passions blind,
In paths of ruin stray;
Reason debased can never find
The safe, the narrow way.

3 Can aught beneath a power divine
The stubborn will subdue?
'Tis thine, Almighty Saviour, thine,
To form the heart anew.

4 'Tis thine the passions to recall,
And upwards bid them rise;
And make the scales of error fall
From reason's darken'd eyes.

5 To chase the shades of death away
And bid the sinner live;
A beam of heaven, a vital ray,
'Tis thine alone to give.

6 O change these wretched hearts of
ours,
And give them life divine!
Then shall our passions and our
powers,
Almighty Lord, be thine.

HYMN 21. (C. M.)

FATHER, to thee my soul I lift,
On thee my hope depends,
Convinced that every perfect gift
From thee alone descends.

2 Mercy and grace are thine alone,
And power and wisdom too;
Without the Spirit of thy Son
We nothing good can do.

3 Thou all our works in us hast
wrought,
Our good is all divine;
The praise of every holy thought
And righteous word is thine.

4 From thee, through Jesus, we receive
The power on thee to call,
In whom we are, and move, and live:
Our God is *all in all*.

HYMN 22. (III. 1.)

SING, my soul, his wondrous love,
Who, from yon bright throne
above,
Ever watchful o'er our race,
Still to man extends his grace.

2 Heaven and earth by him were made,
All is by his sceptre sway'd:
What are we that he should show
So much love to us below?

3 God, the merciful and good,
Bought us with the Saviour's blood:
And, to make our safety sure,
Guides us by his Spirit pure.

4 Sing, my soul, adore his name;
Let his glory be thy theme;
Praise him till he calls thee home,
Trust his love for all to come.

HYMN 23. (S. M.)

GRACE! 'tis a charming sound!
Harmonious to the ear;
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

2 Grace first contrived a way
To save rebellious man,
And all the means that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace guides my wandering feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet
While pressing on to God.

4 Grace all the work shall crown
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

V. THE CHURCH.

HYMN 24. (S. M.)

LIKE Noah's weary dove,
That soar'd the earth around,
But not a resting-place above
The cheerless waters found;

2 O cease, my wandering soul,
On restless wing to roam;
All the wide world, to either pole,
Has not for thee a home.

3 Behold the ark of God,
Behold the open door;
Hasten to gain that dear abode,
And rove, my soul, no more.

4 There, safe thou shalt abide,
There, sweet shall be thy rest,
And every longing satisfied,
With full salvation blest.

5 And, when the waves of ire
Again the earth shall fill,
The Ark shall ride the sea of fire;
Then rest on Zion's hill.

HYMN 25. (S. M.)

I LOVE thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of thine abode,
The Church our blest Redeemer saved
With his own precious blood.

2 I love thy Church, O God!
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.

3 If e'er to bless thy sons,
My voice or hands deny,
These hands let useful skill forsake,
This voice in silence die.

4 If e'er my heart forget
Her welfare, or her woe,
Let every joy this heart forsake,
And every grief o'erflow.

5 For her my tears shall fall;
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

6 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

7 Jesus, thou Friend divine,
Our Saviour and our King,
Thy hand from every snare and foe
Shall great deliverance bring.

8 Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

HYMN 26. (C. M.)

Heb. xii. 18. 22—24.

NOT to the terrors of the Lord,
The tempest, fire, and smoke;
Not to the thunder of that word
Which God on Sinai spoke:

2 But we are come to Sion's hill,
The city of our God;
Where milder words declare his will,
And spread his love abroad.

3 Behold the innumerable host
Of angels clothed in light!
Behold the spirits of the just
Whose faith is changed to sight.

4 Behold the bless'd assembly there
Whose names are writ in heaven;
Hear God, the judge of all, declare
Their sins, through Christ, forgiven!

5 Angels, and living saints and dead,
But one communion make;
All join in Christ, their vital Head,
And of his love partake.

HYMN 27. (S. M.)

BLEST is the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love:
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne
We pour united prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

- 4 When we at death must part,
How keen, how deep the pain!
But we shall still be join'd in heart,
And hope to meet again.
- 5 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Throughout eternity.

HYMN 28. (H. I.)

*Psalm cxvii.**The Church in Glory.*

WITH joy shall I behold the day
That calls my willing soul away,
To dwell among the blest:
For lo! my great Redeemer's power
Unfolds the everlasting door,
And points me to his rest.

2 E'en now to my expecting eyes
The heaven-built towers of Salem rise;
Their glory I survey;

I view her mansions that contain
The angel host, a beauteous train,
And shine with cloudless day.

3 Thither, from earth's remotest end,
Lo! the redeem'd of God ascend,
Borne on immortal wing;
There, crown'd with everlasting joy,
In ceaseless hymns their tongues employ
Before the Almighty King.

4 The King a seat hath there prepared,
High, on eternal base uprear'd,
For his eternal Son:
His palaces with joy abound;
His saints, by him with glory crown'd,
Attend and share his throne.

5 Mother of cities! o'er thy head
Bright peace, with healing wings out-
spread,
For evermore shall dwell:
Let me, blest seat! my name behold
Among thy citizens enroll'd,
And bid the world farewell.

HYMN 29. (L. M.)

Isaiah lii. 1, 2.

TRIUMPHANT Zion! lift thy head
From dust, and darkness, and the
dead!
Though humbled long, awake at length,
And gird thee with thy Saviour's
strength!

2 Put all thy beauteous garments on,
And let thy excellence be known:
Deck'd in the robes of righteousness,
The world thy glories shall confess.

3 No more shall foes unclean invade,
And fill thy hallow'd walls with dread;
No more shall hell's insulting host
Their victory and thy sorrows boast.

2 F

4 God, from on high, has heard thy
prayer,
His hands thy ruins shall repair;
Nor will thy watchful monarch cease
To guard thee in eternal peace.

VI. FESTIVALS AND FASTS.

THE LORD'S DAY.

HYMN 30. (H. 4.)

A WAKE, ye saints, awake,
And hail this sacred day;
In loftiest songs of praise
Your joyful homage pay:
Welcome the day that God hath blest,
The type of heaven's eternal rest.

2 On this auspicious morn
The Lord of life arose;
He burst the bars of death,
And vanquish'd all our foes:
And now he pleads our cause above,
And reaps the fruits of all his love.

3 All hail, triumphant Lord!
Heaven with hosannas rings,
And earth, in humbler strains,
Thy praise responsive sings:
Worthy the Lamb that once was slain,
Through endless years to live and reign.

4 Great King, gird on thy sword,
Ascend thy conquering car;
While justice, truth, and love,
Maintain thy glorious war:
This day let sinners own thy sway,
And rebels cast their arms away!

HYMN 31. (C. M.)

THIS is the day the Lord hath made,
Let young and old rejoice:
To him be vows and homage paid
Whose service is our choice.

2 This is the temple of the Lord:
How dreadful is this place!
With meekness let us hear his word,
With reverence seek his face.

3 This is the homage he requires—
The voice of praise and prayer,
The soul's affections, hopes, desires,
Ourselves and all we are.

4 While rich and poor for mercy call,
Propitious from the skies,
The Lord, the Maker of them all,
Accepts the sacrifice.

5 Well pleased, through Jesus Christ
his Son,
From sin he grants release;
According to their faith 'tis done,
He bids them go in peace.

HYMN 32. (S. M.)

WELCOME, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes.

- 2 The King himself comes near
To feast his saints to-day ;
Here may we sit, and see him here,
And love and praise and pray.
- 3 One day amidst the place
Where Jesus is within,
Is better than ten thousand days
Of pleasure and of sin.
- 4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
Till it is call'd to soar away
To everlasting bliss.

HYMN 33. (L. M.)

ANOTHER six days' work is done,
Another Lord's day has begun ;
Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest,
Improve the hours thy God hath blest.

- 2 This day may our devotions rise,
As grateful incense to the skies ;
And heaven that sweet repose bestow,
Which none but they who feel it know !
- 3 This peaceful calm within the breast
Is the sure pledge of heavenly rest,
Which for the church of God remains,
The end of cares, the end of pains.
- 4 In holy duties, let the day,
In holy pleasures, pass away :
How sweet a sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end !

HYMN 34. (H. 3.)

GRREAT God! this sacred day of
thine

Demands the soul's collected powers ;
Gladly we now to thee resign

These solemn, consecrated hours :
O may our souls adoring own
The grace that calls us to thy throne !

- 2 All-seeing God! thy piercing eye
Can every secret thought explore ;
May worldly cares our bosoms fly,
And where thou art, intrude no more ;
O may thy grace our spirits move,
And fix our minds on things above !

- 3 Thy Spirit's powerful aid impart,
And bid thy word, with life divine,
Engage the ear, and warm the heart ;
Then shall the day indeed be thine :
Then shall our souls adoring own
The grace that calls us to thy throne.

HYMN 35. (H. 4.)

IN loud exalted strains,
The King of glory praise ;
O'er heaven and earth he reigns,
Through everlasting days :
But Zion with his presence blest,
Is his delight, his chosen rest.

- 2 O King of glory! come,
And with thy favour crown
This temple as thy home,
This people as thy own.

Beneath this roof vouchsafe to show
How God can dwell with men below.

- 3 Now let thine ear attend
Our supplicating cries ;
Now let our praise ascend,
Accepted to the skies :
Now let thy gospel's joyful sound
Spread its celestial influence round.

- 4 Here may the listening throng
Imbibe thy truth and love ;
Here Christians join the song
Of seraphim above :
Till all who humbly seek thy face,
Rejoice in thy abounding grace.

HYMN 36. (L. M.)

FAR from my thoughts, vain world
begone :

Let my religious hours alone :
From flesh and sense I would be free,
And hold communion, Lord, with thee

- 2 My heart grows warm with holy fire,
And kindles with a pure desire,
To see thy grace, to taste thy love,
And feel thine influence from above.

- 3 When I can say that God is mine,
When I can see thy glories shine,
I'll tread the world beneath my feet,
And all that men call rich and great.

- 4 Send comfort down from thy right
hand
To cheer me in this barren land ;
And in thy temple let me know
The joys that from thy presence flow.

HYMN 37. (L. M.)

MY opening eyes with rapture see
The dawn of thy returning day ;
My thoughts, O God, ascend to thee,
While thus my early vows I pay.

- 2 I yield my heart to thee alone,
Nor would receive another guest ;
Eternal King! erect thy throne,
And reign sole monarch in my breast.

- 3 O bid this trifling world retire,
And drive each carnal thought away ;
Nor let me feel one vain desire,
One sinful thought, through all the
day.

- 4 Then to thy courts when I repair,
My soul shall rise on joyful wing,
The wonders of thy love declare,
And join the strains which angels
sing.

HYMN 38. (H. 1.)

TO thy temple I repair ;
Lord, I love to worship there ;
While thy glorious praise is sung,
Touch my lips, unloose my tongue.

- 2 While the prayers of saints ascend,
God of love, to mine attend ;

Hear me, for thy Spirit pleads ;
Hear, for Jesus intercedes.

3 While I hearken to thy law,
Fill my soul with humble awe,
Till thy gospel bring to me
Life and immortality.

4 While thy ministers proclaim
Peace and pardon in thy name,
Through their voice, by faith, may I
Hear thee speaking from on high.

5 From thy house when I return,
May my heart within me burn ;
And at evening let me say,
"I have walked with God to-day."

HYMN 39. (L. M.)

After Sermon.

ALMIGHTY Father ! bless the word
Which, through thy grace, we now
have heard ;

O may the precious seed take root,
Spring up, and bear abundant fruit !

2 We praise thee for the means of
grace,
Thus in thy courts to seek thy face :
Grant, Lord ! that we who worship here
May all at length in heaven appear.

HYMN 40. (H. 3.)

LORD ! dismiss us with thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace ;
Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace ;
O refresh us,
Travelling through this wilderness !

2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For the gospel's joyful sound ;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound :
May thy presence
With us evermore be found !

ADVENT.

HYMN 41. (C. M.)

HARK ! the glad sound, the Saviour
comes,

The Saviour promised long !
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

2 On him the Spirit, largely pour'd,
Exerts his sacred fire ;
Wisdom and might, and zeal and love,
His holy breast inspire.

3 He comes the prisoners to release,
In Satan's bondage held ;
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

4 He comes, from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray ;
And on the eyes oppress'd with night
To pour celestial day.

5 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure,
And, with the treasures of his grace,
To enrich the humble poor.

6 Our glad *Hosannas*, Prince of peace
Thy welcome shall proclaim ;
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

HYMN 42. (H. 3.)

HAIL, thou long expected Jesus,
Born to set thy people free !
From our sins and fears release us,
Let us find our rest in thee.

2 Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the saints thou art,
Long desired of every nation,
Joy of every waiting heart.

3 Born thy people to deliver,
Born a child, yet God our King,
Born to reign in us for ever,
Now thy gracious kingdom bring.

4 By thine own eternal Spirit
Rule in all our hearts alone ;
By thine all sufficient merit
Raise us to thy glorious throne.

CHRISTMAS.

HYMN 43. (C. M.)

Luke ii. 8—15.

WHILE shepherds watch'd their
flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

2 "Fear not," said he, for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind ;
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

3 "To you in David's town this day
Is born, of David's line,
The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord ;
And this shall be the sign :

4 "The heavenly Babe you there shall
To human view display'd, [find,
All meanly wrapt in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid."

5 Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith
Appear'd a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, who thus
Address'd their joyful song :

6 "All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace ;
Good-will henceforth, from heaven to
men,
Begin and never cease."

HYMN 44. (C. M.)

WHILE angels thus, O Lord, rejoice,
Shall men no anthem raise ?
O may we lose these useless tongues,
When we forget to praise !

- 2 Then let us swell responsive notes,
And join the heavenly throng ;
For angels no such love have known
As we, to wake their song.
- 3 Good-will to sinful dust is shown,
And peace on earth is given ;
For lo ! the incarnate Saviour comes,
With news of joy from heaven !
- 4 Mercy and truth, with sweet accord,
His rising beams adorn ;
Let heaven and earth in concert sing,
"The promised child is born !"
- 5 Glory to God, in highest strains,
By highest worlds is paid ;
Be glory, then, by us proclaim'd,
And by our lives display'd ;
- 6 Till we attain those blissful realms,
Where now our Saviour reigns ;
To rival these celestial choirs
In their immortal strains !

HYMN 45. (III. 1.)

HARK ! the herald angels sing
Glory to the new-born King,
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled !

- 2 Joyful all ye nations rise,
Join the triumph of the skies ;
With the angelic hosts proclaim
Christ is born in Bethlehem !
- 3 Christ, by highest heaven adored,
Christ, the everlasting Lord ;
Late in time behold him come,
Offspring of the virgin's womb !
- 4 Veil'd in flesh the Godhead see !
Hail the incarnate Deity,
Pleased, as man, with man to dwell,
Jesus, now Emanuel !
- 5 Risen with healing in his wings,
Light and life to all he brings ;
Hail the Sun of righteousness,
Hail the heaven-born Prince of peace.

HYMN 46.

- Chorus.* Shout the glad tidings, exult-
ingly sing ;
Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah
is King.
- Zion ! the marvellous story be telling,
The Son of the highest how lowly his
birth !
The brightest archangel in glory excel-
ling,
He stoops to redeem thee, he reigns
upon earth.

Chorus. Shout the glad tidings, exult-
ingly sing ;
Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah
is King.

- 2 Tell how he cometh, from nation to
nation,
The heart-cheering news let the earth
echo round !
How free to the faithful he offers salva-
tion,
How his people with joy everlasting
are crown'd.
- Chorus.* Shout the glad tidings, exult-
ingly sing ;
Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah
is King.

- 3 Mortals ! your homage be gratefully
bringing,
And sweet let the gladsome hosanna
arise ;
Ye angels ! the full hallelujah be singing,
Oue chorus resound through the
earth and the skies.

Chorus. Shout the glad tidings, exult-
ingly sing ;
Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah
is King.

HYMN 47. (C. M.)

Isaiah ix. 2—7.

- T**HE race that long in darkness pined
Have seen a glorious light ;
The people now behold the dawn,
Who dwelt in death and night.
- 2 To hail thy rising, Sun of life !
The gathering nations come,
Joyous as when the reapers bear
Their harvest treasures home.
- 3 For thou our burden hast removed,
The oppressor's reign is broke ;
Thy fiery conflict with the foe
Has burst his cruel yoke.
- 4 To us the promised Child is born ;
To us the Son is given ;
Him shall the tribes of earth obey,
And all the hosts of heaven.
- 5 His name shall be the Prince of peace,
For evermore adored,
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
The mighty God and Lord.
- 6 His power increasing still shall
spread,
His reign no end shall know ;
Justice shall guard his throne above, —
And peace abound below.

END OF THE YEAR.

HYMN 48. (C. M.)

TIME hastens on ; ye longing saints,
Now raise your voices high ;
And magnify that sovereign love
Which shows salvation nigh.

- 2 As time departs, salvation comes,
Each moment brings it near;
Then welcome each declining day;
Welcome each closing year.
- 3 Not many years their course shall
run,
Not many mornings rise,
Ere all its glories stand reveal'd
To our transported eyes.

HYMN 49. (C. M.)

St. Luke xiii. 6—9.

- SEE, in the vineyard of the Lord,
A barren fig tree stands;
No fruit it yields, no blossom bears,
Though planted by his hands.
- 2 From year to year the tree he views,
And still no fruit is found;
Then "cut it down," the Lord com-
mands,
"Why cumberst it the ground?"
- 3 But lo! the gracious Saviour pleads—
"The barren fig tree spare,
Another year in mercy wait,
It yet may bloom and bear:
- 4 "But if my culture prove in vain,
And still no fruit be found,
I plead no more; destroy the tree,
And root it from thy ground."

NEW-YEAR.

HYMN 50. (L. M.)

- THE God of life, whose constant care
With blessings crowns each open-
ing year,
My scanty span doth still prolong,
And wakes anew mine annual song.
- 2 How many precious souls are fled
To the vast regions of the dead,
Since to this day the changing sun
Through his last yearly period run!
- 3 We yet survive, but who can say,
"Or through this year, or month, or
day,
I shall retain this vital breath,
Thus far, at least, in league with death?"
- 4 That breath is thine, eternal God;
'Tis thine to fix my soul's abode;
It holds its life from thee alone,
On earth, or in the world unknown.
- 5 To thee our spirits we resign,
Make them and own them still as thine;
So shall they live secure from fear,
Though death should blast the rising
year.
- 6 Thy children, panting to begone,
May bid the tide of time roll on,
To land them on that happy shore,
Where years and death are known no
more.

- 7 No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin, nor hell, shall reach that place;
No groans, to mingle with the songs
Resounding from immortal tongues:
- 8 No more alarms from ghostly foes;
No cares to break the long repose;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.
- 9 O, long expected year! begin,
Dawn on this world of woe and sin;
Fain would we leave this weary road,
To sleep in death, and rest with God.

HYMN 51. (C. M.)

- AS o'er the past my memory strays,
Why heaves the secret sigh?
'Tis that I mourn departed days,
Still unprepared to die.
- 2 The world and worldly things be-
loved
My anxious thoughts employ'd;
And time unhallow'd, unimproved,
Presents a fearful void.
- 3 Yet, holy Father, wild despair
Chase from my labouring breast
Thy grace it is which prompts the
prayer,
That grace can do the rest.
- 4 My life's brief remnant all be thine!
And when thy sure decree
Bids me this fleeting breath resign,
O speed my soul to Thee!

EPIPHANY.

HYMN 52. (S. M.)

Isaiah lii. 7—10.

- HOWauteous are their feet
Who stand on Zion's hill;
Who bring salvation on their tongues,
And words of peace reveal!
- 2 How charming is their voice!
How sweet their tidings are!
"Zion, behold thy Saviour King,
He reigns and triumphs here."
- 3 How happy are our ears
That hear this joyful sound,
Which kings and prophets waited for
And sought, but never found.
- 4 How blessed are our eyes
That see this heavenly light!
Prophets and kings desired it long,
But died without the sight.
- 5 The watchmen join their voice,
And tuneful notes employ;
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
And deserts learn the joy.
- 6 The Lord makes bare his arm
Through all the earth abroad;
Let every nation now behold
Their Saviour and their God.

HYMN 53. (II. 5.)

Isaiah lx. &c.

RISE, crown'd with light, imperial
Salem, rise!
Exalt thy towering head and lift thine
eyes!
See heaven its sparkling portals wide
display,
And break upon thee in a flood of day!
2 See a long race thy spacious courts
adorn,
See future sons and daughters yet un-
born,
In crowding ranks, on every side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies.
3 See barbarous nations at thy gates
attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple
bend!
See thy bright altars throng'd with
prostrate kings,
While every land its joyous tribute
brings!
4 The seas shall waste, the skies to
smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt
away;
But fix'd his word, his saving power re-
mains—
Thy realm shall last, thy own Messiah
reigns.

HYMN 54. (II. 6.)

Psalms lxxii.

HAIL to the Lord's Anointed,
Great David's greater Son,
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free,
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.
2 He comes, with succour speedy,
To those who suffer wrong;
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong;
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls, condemn'd and dying,
Were precious in his sight.
3 He shall descend like showers
Upon the fruitful earth;
And love and joy, like flowers,
Spring in his path to birth:
Before him, on the mountains,
Shall peace, the herald, go;
And righteousness, in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.
4 To him shall prayer unceasing,
And daily vows, ascend;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end:

The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His name shall stand for ever;
That name to us is Love.

HYMN 55. (C. M.)

Isaiah ii. 2—5.

O'ER mountain tops the mount of God
In latter days shall rise,
Above the summits of the hills,
And draw the wondering eyes.
2 To this the joyful nations round,
All tribes and tongues, shall flow;
Up to the mount of God, they'll say,
And to his house we'll go.
3 The beams that shine from Zion's
hill
Shall lighten every land;
The King who reigns in Salem's towers
Shall all the world command.
4 Among the nations he shall judge,
His judgments truth shall guide;
His sceptre shall protect the just,
And crush the sinner's pride.
5 For peaceful implements shall men
Exchange their swords and spears;
Nor shall they study war again
Throughout those happy years.
6 Come, O ye house of Jacob! come
To worship at his shrine;
And, walking in the light of God,
With holy graces shine.

LENT.

HYMN 56. (III. 1.)

Litany.

SAVIOUR, when in dust to thee
Low we bow the adoring knee;
When, repentant, to the skies
Scarce we lift our streaming eyes;
O, by all thy pains and woe,
Suffer'd once for man below,
Bending from thy throne on high,
Hear our solemn litany.
2 By thy birth and early years,
By thy human griefs and fears,
By thy fasting and distress
In the lonely wilderness:
By thy victory in the hour
Of the subtle tempter's power;
Jesus, look with pitying eye;
Hear our solemn litany.
3 By thine hour of dark despair,
By thine agony of prayer,
By the purple robe of scorn,
By thy wounds—thy crown of thorn,
By thy cross—thy pangs and cries;
By thy perfect sacrifice;
Jesus, look with pitying eye;
Hear our solemn litany.

4 By thy deep expiring groan,
By the seal'd sepulchral stone,
By thy triumph o'er the grave,
By thy power from death to save ;
Mighty God, ascended Lord,
To thy throne in heaven restored,
Prince and Saviour, hear our cry,
Hear our solemn litany.

HYMN 57. (L. M.)

MY God, permit me not to be
A stranger to myself and thee :
Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove,
Forgetful of my highest love.

2 Why should my passions mix with
earth,
And thus debase my heavenly birth ?
Why should I cleave to things below,
And all my purest joys forego ?

3 Call me away from flesh and sense ;
Thy grace, O Lord, can draw me
thence :
I would obey the voice divine,
And all inferior joys resign.

HYMN 58. (C. M.)

ALAS, what hourly dangers rise !
What snares beset my way !
To heaven O let me lift mine eyes,
And hourly watch and pray.

2 How oft my mournful thoughts com-
plain,
And melt in flowing tears !
My weak resistance, ah, how vain !
How strong my foes and fears.

3 O gracious God, in whom I live,
My feeble efforts aid ;
Help me to watch, and pray, and strive,
Though trembling and afraid.

4 Increase my faith, increase my hope,
When foes and fears prevail ;
And bear my fainting spirit up,
Or soon my strength will fail.

5 Whene'er temptations fright my
heart,
Or lure my feet aside,
My God, thy powerful aid impart,
My guardian and my guide.

6 O keep me in thy heavenly way,
And bid the tempter flee ;
And let me never, never stray
From happiness and thee.

HYMN 59. (C. M.)

HOW oft, alas ! this wretched heart
Has wander'd from the Lord !
How oft my roving thoughts depart,
Forgetful of his word !

2 Yet sovereign mercy calls, "Return ;"
Dear Lord, and may I come ?
My vile ingratitude I mourn ;
O, take the wanderer home.

3 And canst thou, wilt thou yet forgive,
And bid my crimes remove ?
And shall a pardon'd rebel live
To speak thy wondrous love ?

4 Almighty grace, thy healing power,
How glorious, how divine !
That can to life and bliss restore
So vile a heart as mine.

5 Thy pardoning love, so free, so sweet,
Dear Saviour, I adore ;
O keep me at thy sacred feet,
And let me rove no more.

HYMN 60. (L. M.)

O THOU, to whose all searching sight
The darkness shineth as the light,
Search, prove my heart ; it looks to thee ;
O burst its bonds, and set it free !

2 Wash out its stains, remove its dross,
Bind my affections to the cross ;
Hallow each thought, let all within
Be clean, as thou, my Lord, art clean.

3 If in this darksome wild I stray,
Be thou my light, be thou my way ;
No foes, no violence I fear,
No harm while thou, my God, art near.

4 When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
When sinks my heart in waves of woe,
Jesus, thy timely aid impart,
And raise my head, and cheer my heart.

5 Saviour ! where'er thy steps I see,
Dauntless, untired, I follow thee :
O let thy hand support me still,
And lead me to thy holy hill.

See Hymns on Repentance.

PASSION WEEK AND GOOD FRIDAY.

HYMN 61. (H. 4.)

Isaiah lxiii. 1—4.

WHIO is this that comes from Edom.
All his raiment stain'd with
blood,

To the captive speaking freedom,
Bringing and bestowing good ;
Glorious in the garb he wears,
Glorious in the spoil he bears ?

2 'Tis the Saviour, now victorious,
Travelling onward in his might ;
'Tis the Saviour, O how glorious
To his people is the sight !

Satan conquer'd, and the grave,
Jesus now is strong to save.

3 Why that blood his raiment staining
'Tis the blood of many slain ;
Of his foes there's none remaining,
None, the contest to maintain :

Fall'n they are, no more to rise,
All their glory prostrate lies.

4 Mighty Victor, reign for ever, -
Wear the crown so dearly won !

Never shall thy people, never,
Cease to sing what thou hast done !
Thou hast fought thy people's foes ;
Thou hast heal'd thy people's woes !

HYMN 62. (L. M.)

WHEN I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory
died,

My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the cross of Christ my God :
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to thy blood.

3 See, from his head, his hands, his
feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down ;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet ?
Or thorns compose a Saviour's crown ?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine
That were a tribute far too small ;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my life, my soul, my all.

HYMN 63. (C. M.)

BEHOLD the Saviour of mankind
Nail'd to the shameful tree ;
How vast the love that him inclined
To bleed and die for me !

2 Hark, how he groans ! while nature
shakes,
And earth's strong pillars bend !
The temple's veil in sunder breaks,
The solid marbles rend.

3 'Tis done the precious ransom's
paid ;
" Receive my soul ! " he cries ;
See where he bows his sacred head !
He bows his head and dies !

4 But soon he'll break death's envious
chain,
And in full glory shine ;
O Lamb of God ! was ever pain,
Was ever love like thine !

HYMN 64. (C. M.)

MY Saviour hanging on the tree,
In agonies and blood,
Methought once turn'd his eyes on me,
As near his cross I stood.

2 Sure, never till my latest breath
Can I forget that look ;
It seem'd to charge me with his death,
Though not a word he spoke.

3 My conscience felt and own'd the
guilt,
And plunged me in despair ;
I saw my sins his blood had spilt,
And help'd to nail him there.

4 Alas ! I knew not what I did ;
But now my tears are vain ;

Where shall my trembling soul be hid ?
For I the Lord have slain.

5 A second look he gave, which said,
" I freely all forgive ;
This blood is for thy ransom paid,
I die that thou may'st live."

6 Thus, while his death my sin displays
In all its blackest hue,
(Such is the mystery of grace,)
It seals my pardon too.

HYMN 65. (C. M.)

FROM whence these direful omens
round,
Which heaven and earth amaze ?
Wherefore do earthquakes cleave the
ground ?
Why hides the sun his rays ?

2 Well may the earth astonish'd shake.
And nature sympathize !
The sun as darkest night be black !
Their Maker, Jesus, dies !

3 Behold, fast streaming from the tree.
His all-atoning blood !
Is this the Infinite ? 'tis he,
My Saviour, and my God !

4 For me these pangs his soul assall,
For me this death is borne ;
My sins gave sharpness to the nail,
And pointed every thorn.

5 Let sin no more my soul enslave,
Break, Lord, its tyrant chain ;
O save me, whom thou cam'st to save,
Nor bleed, nor die in vain !

HYMN 66. (L. M.)

St. John xix. 30.

'TIS finish'd—so the Saviour cried,
And meekly bow'd his head and
died ;

'Tis finish'd—yes, the work is done,
The battle fought, the victory won.

2 'Tis finish'd—all that heaven decreed,
And all the ancient prophets said,
Is now fulfill'd, as long design'd,
In me, the Saviour of mankind.

3 'Tis finish'd—Aaron now no more
Must stain his robes with purple gore ;
The sacred veil is rent in twain,
And Jewish rites no more remain.

4 'Tis finish'd—this my dying groan,
Shall sins of every kind atone :
Millions shall be redeem'd from death,
By this, my last expiring breath.

5 'Tis finish'd—heaven is reconciled,
And all the powers of darkness spoil'd :
Peace, love, and happiness again
Return and dwell with sinful men.

6 'Tis finish'd—let the joyful sound
Be heard through all the nations round ;

'Tis finish'd—let the echo fly
Through heaven and hell, through earth
and sky.

HYMN 67. (L. M.)

For the Jews.

HIGH on the bending willows hung,
Israel, still sleeps the tuneful
string?

Still mute remains the sullen tongue,
And Zion's song denies to sing?

2 Awake! thy loudest raptures raise;
Let harp and voice unite their strains:
Thy promised King his sceptre sways;
Behold, thy own Messiah reigns.

3 By foreign streams no longer roam,
And, weeping, think on Jordan's
flood;

In every clime behold a home,
In every temple see thy God.

4 No taunting foes the song require;
No strangers mock thy captive chain;
Thy friends provoke the silent lyre,
And brethren ask the holy strain.

5 Then why, on bending willows hung,
Israel, still sleeps the tuneful string?
Why mute remains the sullen tongue,
And Zion's song delays to sing?

EASTER.

HYMN 68 (C. M.)

1 Cor. v. 8. Rom. vi. 9, 10, 11.

SINCE Christ our Passover is slain,
A sacrifice for all,
Let all with thankful hearts agree
To keep the festival:

2 Not with the leaven, as of old,
Of sin and malice fed;
But with unfeign'd sincerity,
And truth's unleaven'd bread.

3 Christ being raised by power divine,
And rescued from the grave,
Shall die no more; death shall on him
No more dominion have.

4 For that he died, 'twas for our sins
He once vouchsafed to die:
But that he lives, he lives to God
For all eternity.

5 So count yourselves as dead to sin,
But graciously restored,
And made, henceforth, alive to God,
Through Jesus Christ our Lord.

HYMN 69. (H. 1.)

CHRISt the Lord is risen to-day,
Sons of men and angels say:
Raise your joys and triumphs high,
Sing, ye heavens, and earth reply!

2 Love's redeeming work is done,
Fought the fight, the victory won:

Jesus' agony is o'er,
Darkness veils the earth no more.

3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
Christ has burst the gates of hell;
Death in vain forbids him rise,
Christ hath open'd paradise.

4 Soar we now where Christ hath led,
Following our exalted Head;
Made like him, like him we rise;
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

HYMN 70. (L. M.)

Col. iii. 1, 2.

YE faithful souls who Jesus know,
If risen indeed with him ye are,
Superior to the joys below,
His resurrection's power declare:

2 Your faith by holy tempers prove,
By actions show your sins forgiven,
And seek the glorious things above,
And follow Christ, your head, to hea-
ven.

3 There your exalted Saviour see,
Seated at God's right hand again,
In all his Father's majesty,
In everlasting power to reign.

4 To him continually aspire,
Contending for your destined place,
And emulate the angel choir,
And only live to love and praise.

HYMN 71. (C. M.)

1 Cor. xv. 20, 21, 22. Col. iii. 1

CHRISt from the dead is raised, and
made

The First Fruits of the tomb;
For, as by man came death, by man
Did resurrection come.

2 For, as in Adam all mankind
Did guilt and death derive:
So, by the righteousness of Christ
Shall all be made alive.

3 If then ye risen are with Christ,
Seek only how to get
The things which are above, where
Christ
At God's right hand is set.

ASCENSION.

HYMN 72. (L. M.)

HE dies! the friend of sinners dies!
Lo! Salem's daughters weep
around!

A solemn darkness veils the skies!
A sudden trembling shakes the
ground!

2 Ye saints, approach! the anguish view
Of him who groans beneath your
load;
He gives his precious life for you,
For you he sheds his precious blood.

- 3 Here's love and grief beyond degree ;
The Lord of glory dies for men !
But lo ! what sudden joys we see !
Jesus, the dead, revives again !
- 4 The rising God forsakes the tomb !
Up to his Father's court he flies ;
Cherubic legions guard him home,
And shout him welcome to the skies !
- 5 Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
How high our great deliverer reigns ;
Sing how he spoil'd the hosts of hell,
And led the tyrant death in chains !
- 6 Say, " Live for ever, glorious King,
Born to redeem, instruct, and save !"
Then ask—" O death, where is thy sting !"
And where thy victory, O grave !"

HYMN 73. (L. M.)

- O**UR Lord is risen from the dead,
Our Jesus is gone up on high ;
The powers of hell are captive led,
Dragg'd to the portals of the sky.
- 2 There his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay :
" Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates !
Ye everlasting doors, give way !"
- 3 Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold the radiant scene ;
He claims those mansions as his right ;
Receive the King of glory in.
- 4 " Who is the King of glory, who ?"
The Lord that all his foes o'ercame,
The world, sin, death, and hello'erthrew,
And Jesus is the conqueror's name.
- 5 Lo ! his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay,
" Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates !
Ye everlasting doors, give way !"
- 6 " Who is the King of glory, who ?"
The Lord of boundless power possess'd,
The King of saints and angels too,
God over all, for ever bless'd.

WHITSUNDAY.

HYMN 74. (C. M.)

- C**OME, Holy Ghost ! Creator, come,
Inspire these souls of thine ;
Till every heart which thou hast made
Be fill'd with grace divine.
- 2 Thou art the Comforter, the gift
Of God, and fire of love ;
The everlasting spring of joy,
And unction from above.
- 3 Thy gifts are manifold, thou writ'st
God's law in each true heart ;
The promise of the Father, thou
Dost heavenly speech impart.
- 4 Enlighten our dark souls, till they
Thy sacred love embrace ;

- Assist our minds, by nature frail,
With thy celestial grace.
- 5 Drive far from us the mortal foe,
And give us peace within,
That, by thy guidance blest, we may
Escape the snares of sin.
- 6 Teach us the Father to confess,
And Son, from death revived,
And thee, with both, O Holy Ghost,
Who art from both derived.

HYMN 75. (C. M.)

- C**OME, Holy Spirit, heavenly dove !
With all thy quickening powers :
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.
- 2 See how we grovel here below,
Fond of these earthly toys ;
Our souls, how heavily they go,
To reach eternal joys !
- 3 In vain we tune our lifeless songs,
In vain we strive to rise !
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.
- 4 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly dove,
With all thy quickening powers ;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

HYMN 76. (C. M.)

- H**E'S come ! let every knee be bent,
All hearts new joys resume ;
Sing, ye redem'd, with one consent,
" The Comforter is come."
- 2 What greater gift, what greater love
Could God on man bestow ?
Angels for this rejoice above,
Let man rejoice below !
- 3 Hail, blessed Spirit ! may each soul
Thy sacred influence feel ;
Do thou each sinful thought control,
And fix our wavering zeal !
- 4 Thou to the conscience dost convey
Those checks which we should know ;
Thy motions point to us the way ;
Thou giv'st us strength to go.

TRINITY SUNDAY.

HYMN 77. (L. M.)

- O**HOLY, holy, holy Lord,
Bright in thy deeds and in thy
name,
For ever be thy name adored,
Thy glories let the world proclaim !
- 2 O Jesus, Lamb once crucified
To take our load of sins away,
Thine be the hymn that rolls its tide
Along the realms of upper day !
- 3 O Holy Spirit, from above,
In streams of light and glory given,

Thou source of ecstasy and love,
Thy praises ring through earth and
heaven!

4 O God triune! to thee we owe
Our every thought, our every song;
And ever may thy praises flow
From saint and seraph's burning
tongue!

HYMN 78. (L. M.)

FAATHER of all, whose love profound
A ransom for our souls hath found,
Before thy throne we sinners bend;
To us thy pardoning love extend!

2 Almighty Son, incarnate Word,
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord,
Before thy throne we sinners bend;
To us thy saving grace extend!

3 Eternal Spirit, by whose breath
The soul is raised from sin and death,
Before thy throne we sinners bend;
To us thy quickening power extend!

4 Jehovah! Father, Spirit, Son,
Mysterious Godhead, Three in One!
Before thy throne we sinners bend;
Grace, pardon, life, to us extend!

HYMN 79. (H. 4.)

WE give immortal praise
To God the Father's love,
For all our comforts here,
And all our hopes above:
He sent his own
Eternal Son,
To die for sins
That man had done.

2 To God the Son belongs
Immortal glory too,
Who saved us by his blood
From everlasting woe:
And now he lives,
And now he reigns,
And sees the fruit
Of all his pains.

3 To God the Spirit, praise
And endless worship give,
Whose new-creating power
Makes the dead sinner live:
His work completes
The great design,
And fills the soul
With joy divine.

4 Almighty God! to thee
Be endless honours done;
The sacred Persons three,
The Godhead only one:
Where reason fails
With all her powers,
There faith prevails,
And love adores.

FAST-DAY.

HYMN 80. (C. M.)

ALmighty Lord! before thy throne
Thy mourning people bend!
'Tis on thy pardoning grace alone
Our prostrate hopes depend.

2 Dark judgments, from thy heavy hand,
Thy dreadful power display;
Yet mercy spares our guilty land,
And still we live to pray.

3 How changed, alas! are truths divine,
For error, guilt, and shame!
What impious numbers, bold in sin,
Disgrace the Christian name!

4 O turn us, turn us, mighty Lord;
Convert us by thy grace;
Then shall our hearts obey thy word,
And see again thy face.

5 Then should oppressing foes invade,
We will not sink in fear;
Secure of all-sufficient aid,
When God, our God, is near.

HYMN 81. (H. 3.)

DREAD Jehovah! God of nations,
From thy temple in the skies,
Hear thy people's supplications,
Now for their deliverance rise.

2 Lo! with deep contrition turning,
Humbly at thy feet we bend;
Hear us, fasting, praying, mourning,
Hear us, spare us, and defend.

3 Though our sins our hearts con-
founding,
Long and loud for vengeance call,
Thou hast mercy more abounding,
Jesus' blood can cleanse them all.

4 Let that love veil our transgression,
Let that blood our guilt efface:
Save thy people from oppression,
Save from spoil thy holy place.

HYMN 82. (L. M.)

Prayer and Hope of Victory.

NOW may the God of grace and
power
Attend his people's humble cry;
Defend them in the needful hour,
And send deliverance from on high.

2 In his salvation is our hope,
And in the name of Israel's God
Our troops shall lift their banners up,
Our navies spread their flags abroad.

3 Some trust in horses train'd for war,
And some of chariots make their
boasts;
Our surest expectations are
From thee, the Lord of heavenly
hosts!

4 Then save us, Lord, from slavish fear,
And let our trust be firm and strong,
Till thy salvation shall appear,
And hymns of peace conclude our
song.

THANKSGIVING-DAY.

HYMN 83.

PART I. (III. 2.)

PRAISE to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days ;
Bounteous source of every joy,
Let thy praise our tongues employ :
All to thee, our God we owe,
Source whence all our blessings flow.

2 All the blessings of the fields,
All the stores the garden yields,
Flocks that whiten all the plain,
Yellow sheaves of ripen'd grain :
Lord, for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

3 Clouds that drop their fattening dews,
Suns that genial warmth diffuse,
All the plenty summer pours,
Autumn's rich o'erflowing stores ;
Lord, for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

4 Peace, prosperity, and health,
Private bliss, and public wealth,
Knowledge, with its gladdening streams,
Pure religion's holier beams ;
Lord, for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

PART II.

5 Yet, should rising whirlwinds tear
From its stem the ripening ear ;
Though the sickening flock shall fall,
And the herd desert the stall ;
Still to thee our soul shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

6 Should thine alter'd hand restrain
The early and the latter rain,
Blast each opening bud of joy,
And the rising year destroy ;
Still to thee our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

7 Life and grace, whate'er our woe,
Still to thee, our God, we owe ;
Though of earthly hopes bereft,
Yet our hope of heaven is left ;
And for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

HYMN 84. (C. M.)

FOUNTAIN of mercy, God of love,
How rich thy bounties are !
The rolling seasons, as they move,
Proclaim thy constant care.

2 When in the bosom of the earth
The sower hid the grain,
Thy goodness mark'd its secret birth,
And sent the early rain.

3 The spring's sweet influence, Lord,
was thine,
The plants in beauty grew ;
Thou gav'st the summer's suns to
shine,
The mild refreshing dew.

4 These various mercies from above
Matured the swelling grain ;
A kindly harvest crowns thy love,
And plenty fills the plain.

5 We own and bless thy gracious sway ;
Thy hand all nature hails ;
Seed-time nor harvest, night nor day,
Summer nor winter fails.

HYMN 85. (L. M.)

For Public Mercies and Deliverances.

SALVATION doth to God belong,
His power and grace shall be our
song ;

From him alone all mercies flow,
His arm alone subdues the foe !

2 Then praise this God who bows his
ear

Propitious to his people's prayer ;
And though deliverance he may stay,
Yet answers still in his own day.

3 O may this goodness lead our land,
Still saved by thine almighty hand,
The tribute of its love to bring
To thee, our Saviour, and our King ;

4 Till every public temple raise
A song of triumph to thy praise ;
And every peaceful, private home,
To thee a temple shall become.

5 Still be it our supreme delight
To walk as in thy glorious sight ;
Still in thy precepts and thy fear,
Till life's last hour, to persevere.

VII. ORDINANCES AND SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

BAPTISM OF INFANTS.

HYMN 86. (III. 3.)

SAVIOUR ! who thy flock art feeding
With the shepherd's kindest care,
All the feeble gently leading,
While the lambs thy bosom share ;

2 Now *these* little ones receiving,
Fold *them* in thy gracious arm—
There we know—thy word believing—
Only there, secure from harm.

3 Never from thy pasture roving,
Let *them* be the lion's prey ;
Let thy tenderness, so loving,
Keep *them* all life's dangerous way.

4 Then within thy fold eternal,
Let *them* find a resting place ;
Feed in pastures ever vernal,
Drink the rivers of thy grace.

HYMN 87. (S. M.)

- T**HE gentle Saviour calls
Our children to his breast ;
He folds them in his gracious arms,
Himself declares them blest.
- 2 "Let them approach," he cries,
"Nor scorn their humble claim ;
The heirs of heaven are such as these,
For such as these I came."
- 3 Gladly we bring them, Lord,
Devoting them to thee,
Imploring that, as we are thine,
Thine may our offspring be.

BAPTISM OF ADULTS.

HYMN 88. (S. M.)

Eph. vi. 10—13.

- S**OLDIERS of Christ, arise,
And put your armour on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through his eternal Son.
- 2 Strong in the Lord of hosts,
And in his mighty power,
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts
Is more than conqueror.
- 3 Stand then in his great might,
With all his strength endued ;
And take to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God :
- 4 That having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
Ye may behold your victory won,
And stand complete at last.

CONFIRMATION.

HYMN 89. (L. M.)

- O** HAPPY day, that stays my choice
On thee, my Saviour and my God !
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell thy goodness all abroad.
- 2 O happy bond ! that seals my vows
To him who merits all my love ;
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
While to his sacred throne I move.
- 3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done ;
Deign, gracious Lord, to make me
thine ;
Help me through grace to follow on,
Glad to confess thy voice divine.
- 4 Here rest, my oft divided heart,
Fix'd on thy God, thy Saviour, rest :
Who with the world would grieve to
part,
When call'd on angels' food to feast ?
- 6 High heaven, that heard the solemn
vow,
That vow renew'd shall jaily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

HYMN 90. (C. M.)

- W**ITNESS, ye men and angels ; now
Before the Lord we speak ;
To him we make our solemn vow,
A vow we dare not break ;
- 2 That, long as life itself shall last,
Ourselves to Christ we yield ;
Nor from his cause will we depart,
Or ever quit the field.
- 3 We trust not in our native strength,
But on his grace rely ;
That, with returning wands, the Lord
Will all our need supply.
- 4 Lord, guide our doubtful feet aright,
And keep us in thy ways ;
And, while we turn our vows to prayers,
Turn thou our prayers to praise.

HYMN 91. (C. M.)

- Y**OUTH, when devoted to the Lord,
Is pleasing in his eyes ;
A flower, though offer'd in the bud,
Is no vain sacrifice.
- 2 'Tis easier far if we begin
To fear the Lord betimes ;
For sinners who grow old in sin
Are harden'd by their crimes.
- 3 It saves us from a thousand snares
To mind religion young ;
Grace will preserve our following years
And make our virtue strong.
- 4 To thee, almighty God, to thee,
Our hearts we now resign ;
'Twill please us to look back and see
That our whole lives were thine.

HYMN 92. (C. M.)

- O** IN the morn of life, when youth
With vital ardour glows,
And shines in all the fairest charms
That beauty can disclose,—
- 2 Deep in thy soul, before its powers
Are yet by vice enslaved,
Be thy Creator's glorious Name
And character engrav'd :
- 3 Ere yet the shades of sorrow cloud
The sunshine of thy days ;
And cares and toils, in endless round,
Encompass all thy ways :
- 4 Ere yet thy heart the woes of age,
With vain regret deplore,
And sadly muse on former joys,
That now return no more.
- 5 True wisdom, early sought and gain'd,
In age will give thee rest ;
O then, improve the morn of life,
To make its evening blest.

THE LORD'S SUPPER.

HYMN 93. (C. M.)

Rev. v. 9, 12, 13.

THOU, God, all glory, honour, power,
Art worthy to receive ;
Since all things by thy power were
made

And by thy bounty live.

2 And worthy is the Lamb all power,
Honour, and wealth, to gain,
Glory and strength ; who for our sins
A sacrifice was slain !

3 All worthy thou, who hast redeem'd,
Anc ransom'd us to God,
From every nation, every coast,
By thy most precious blood.

4 Blessing and honour, glory, power,
By all in earth and heaven,
To him that sits upon the throne,
And to the Lamb be given.

HYMN 94. (L. M.)

MY God, and is thy table spread ?
And does thy cup with love o'er-
flow ?

Thither be all thy children led,
And let them thy sweet mercies know !

2 Hail, sacred feast, which Jesus makes !
Rich banquet of his flesh and blood !
Thrice happy he who here partakes
That sacred stream, that heavenly
food !

3 Why are its bounties all in vain
Before unwilling hearts display'd ?
Was not for you the victim slain ?
Are you forbid the children's bread ?

4 O let thy table honour'd be,
And furnish'd well with joyful guests !
And may each soul salvation see,
That here its holy pledges tastes !

5 Drawn by thy quickening grace, O
Lord,
In countless numbers let them come,
And gather from their Father's board,
The bread that lives beyond the
tomb !

6 Nor let thy spreading gospel rest,
Till through the world thy truth has
run,

Till with this bread all men be blest,
Who see the light or feel the sun.

HYMN 95. (C. M.)

AND are we now brought near to
God,
Who once at distance stood ?
And, to effect this glorious change,
Did Jesus shed his blood ?

2 O for a song of ardent praise,
To bear our souls above !

What should allay our lively hope,
Or damp our flaming love !

3 Then let us join the heavenly choirs,
To praise our heavenly King !

O may that love which spread this
board,
Inspire us while we sing—

4 "Glory to God in highest strains,
And to the earth be peace ;
Good-will from heaven to men is come,
And let it never cease."

HYMN 96. (L. M.)

TO Jesus, our exalted Lord,
That Name in heaven and earth
adored,

Fain would our hearts and voices raise
A cheerful song of sacred praise.

2 But all the notes which mortals know,
Are weak, and languishing, and low ;
Far, far above our humble songs,
The theme demands immortal tongues.

3 Yet whilst around his board we meet,
And worship at his sacred feet,
O let our warm affections move,
In glad returns of grateful love.

4 Yes, Lord, we love and we adore,
But long to know and love thee more ;
And, whilst we taste the bread and wine,
Desire to feed on joys divine.

5 Let faith our feeble senses aid,
To see thy wondrous love display'd ;
Thy broken flesh, thy bleeding veins,
Thy dreadful agonizing pains.

6 Let humble, penitential woe,
With painful, pleasing anguish flow,
And thy forgiving love impart,
Life, hope, and joy to every heart.

ORDINATION, OR INSTITUTION OF
MINISTERS.

HYMN 97. (L. M.)

St. Matt. x.

GO forth, ye heralds, in my Name,
Sweetly the gospel trumpet sound ;
The glorious jubilee proclaim,
Where'er the human race is found.

2 The joyful news to all impart,
And teach them where salvation lies ;
With care bind up the broken heart,
And wipe the tears from weeping
eyes.

3 Be wise as serpents, where you go,
But harmless as the peaceful dove ;
And let your heaven-taught conduct
show
That ye're commission'd from above.

4 Freely from me ye have received,
Freely, in love, to others give ;
Thus shall your doctrines be believed,
And, by your labours, sinners live.

HYMN 98. (L. M.)

St. Mark xvi. 15, &c. and St. Matt. xxviii. 18, &c.

- ‘GO preach my gospel,’ saith the Lord.
 “Bid the whole earth my grace receive;
 Explain to them my sacred word,
 Bid them believe, obey, and live.”
- 2 “I’ll make my great commission known,
 And ye shall prove my gospel true,
 By all the works that I have done,
 And all the wonders ye shall do.”
- 3 “Go heal the sick, go raise the dead,
 Go cast out devils in my name;
 Nor let my prophets be afraid,
 Though Greeks reproach, and Jews blaspheme.”
- 4 “While thus ye follow my commands,
 I’m with you till the world shall end;
 All power is trusted in my hands;
 I can destroy, and can defend.”
- 5 He spake, and light shone round his head;
 On a bright cloud to heaven he rode;
 They to the farthest nations spread
 The grace of their ascended God.

HYMN 99. (L. M.)

- THE Saviour, when to heaven he rose
 In splendid triumph o’er his foes,
 Scatter’d his gifts on men below,
 And wide his royal bounties flow.
- 2 Hence sprang the *Apostle’s* honour’d name,
 Sacred beyond heroic fame;
 Hence dictates the *prophetic* sage,
 And hence the *evangelic* page.
- 3 In lower forms, to bless our eyes,
Pastors from hence and *teachers* rise;
 Who, though with feebler rays they shine,
 Still mark a long extended line.
- 4 From Christ their varied gifts derive,
 And, fed by him, their graces live;
 Whilst, guarded by his potent hand,
 Amidst the rage of hell they stand.
- 5 So shall the bright succession run
 Through all the courses of the sun;
 Whilst unborn churches, by their care,
 Shall rise and flourish large and fair.
- 6 Jesus, our Lord, their hearts shall know,
 The spring whence all these blessings flow;
 Pastors and people shout his praise,
 Through the long round of endless days.

HYMN 100. (L. M.)

- FATHER of mercies! bow thine ear,
 Attentive to our earnest prayer;
 We plead for those who plead for thee,
 Successful pleaders may they be!
- 2 How great their work, how vast their charge!
 Do thou their anxious souls enlarge;
 Their best acquirements are our gain,
 We share the blessings they obtain.
- 3 Clothe, then, with energy divine,
 Their words, and let those words be thine:
 To them thy sacred truth reveal,
 Suppress their fear, inflame their zeal.
- 4 Teach them to sow the precious seed,
 Teach them thy chosen flock to feed;
 Teach them immortal souls to gain—
 Souls that will well reward their pain.
- 5 Let thronging multitudes around,
 Hear from their lips the joyful sound;
 In humble strains thy grace implore,
 And feel thy new creating power.
- 6 Let sinners break their massive chains,
 Distressed souls forget their pains,
 Let light through distant realms be spread,
 And Zion rear her drooping head.

CONSECRATION OF A CHURCH.

HYMN 101. (L. M.)

- AND wilt thou, O eternal God,
 On earth establish thine abode?
 Then look propitious from thy throne,
 And take this temple for thine own.
- 2 These walls we to thine honour raise,
 Long may they echo in thy praise;
 And thou, descending, fill the place
 With the rich tokens of thy grace.
- 3 Here may the great Redeemer reign,
 With all the graces of his train;
 While power divine his word attends,
 To conquer foes and cheer his friends.
- 4 And in the last decisive day,
 When God the nations shall survey,
 May it before the world appear,
 Thousands were born for glory here.

MISSIONS.

HYMN 102. (L. M.)

- JESUS shall reign where’er the sun
 Does his successive journeys run;
 His kingdom spread from shore to shore,
 Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
- 2 To him shall endless prayer be made,
 And praises throng to crown his head:
 His name like sweet perfume shall rise
 With every morning sacrifice.

3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song ;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

4 Blessings abound where'er he reigns ;
The prisoner leaps to burst his chains ;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

5 Where he displays his healing power,
Death and the curse are known no
more,

In him the tribes of Adam boast
More blessings than their father lost.

6 Let every creature rise, and bring
Peculiar honours to our King :
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud amen.

HYMN 103. (L. M.)

Psalm cxvii.

FROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise ;
Jehovah's glorious name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue.

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord,
And truth eternal is thy word ;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to
shore,

Till suns shall rise and set no more.

HYMN 104. (L. M.)

O SPIRIT of the living God !
In all thy plenitude of grace,
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
Descend on our apostate race !

2 Give tongues of fire and hearts of
love,
To preach the reconciling word ;
Give power and unction from above,
Where'er the joyful sound is heard.

3 Be darkness, at thy coming, light ;
Confusion, order, in thy path ;
Souls without strength inspire with
might ;

Bid mercy triumph over wrath.

4 Convert the nations ; far and nigh
The triumphs of the cross record ;
The name of Jesus glorify,
Till every people call him Lord.

HYMN 105. (H. I.)

*For Missions to the new settlements in
the United States.*

WHEN, Lord, to this our Western
land,
Led by thy providential hand,
Our wandering fathers came,
Their ancient homes, their friends in
youth,
Sent forth the heralds of thy truth,
To keep them in thy name.

2 Then, through our solitary coast,
The desert features soon were lost,
Thy temples there arose ;
Our shores, as culture made them fair,
Were hallow'd by thy rites, by prayer,
And blossom'd as the rose.

3 And O ! may we repay this debt
To regions solitary yet
Within our spreading land !
There brethren, from our common
home,

Still westward, like our fathers roam
Still guided by thy hand.

4 Saviour ! we own this debt of love :
O shed thy Spirit from above,
To move each Christian breast :
Till heralds shall thy truth proclaim,
And temples rise to fix thy name,
Through all our desert west.

HYMN 106. (C. M.)

Isaiah xxxv. 2.

ON Zion, and on Lebanon,
On Carmel's blooming height,
On Sharon's fertile plains, once shone
The glory, pure and bright :

2 From thence its mild and cheering
ray
Stream'd forth from land to land ;
And empires now behold its day,
And still its beams expand.

3 Its brightest splendours, darting west,
Our happy shores illumine ;
Our farther regions, once unblest,
Now like a garden bloom :

4 But ah ! our deserts deep and wild
See not this heavenly light ;
No sacred beams, no radiance mild,
Dispel their dreary night.

5 *Thou*, who didst lighten Zion's hill,
On Carmel who didst shine,
Our deserts let thy glory fill,
Thy excellence divine !

6 Like Lebanon, in towering pride,
May all our forests smile ;
And may our borders blossom wide,
Like Sharon's fruitful soil !

HYMN 107. (H. 6.)

FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand ;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle ;
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile :

In vain with lavish kindness
 The gifts of God are strewn ;
 The heathen in his blindness
 Bows down to wood and stone.
 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
 With wisdom from on high,
 Shall we, to men benighted
 The lamp of life deny ?
 Salvation ! oh, salvation !
 The joyful sound proclaim,
 Till each remotest nation
 Has learn'd Messiah's name.
 4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
 And you, ye waters, roll,
 Till, like a sea of glory,
 It spreads from pole to pole ;
 Till o'er our ransom'd nature
 The Lamb for sinners slain,
 Redeemer, King, Creator,
 In bliss returns to reign.

HYMN 108. (L. M.)

For the Jews.

DISOWN'D of heaven, by man op-
 prest,
 Outcasts from Zion's hallow'd ground,
 Wherefore should Israel's sons, once
 blest,
 Still roam the scorning world around ?
 2 Lord ! visit thy forsaken race,
 Back to thy fold the wanderers bring :
 Teach them to seek thy slighted grace,
 And hail in Christ their promised
 King.
 3 The veil of darkness rend in twain
 Which hides their Shiloh's glorious
 light ;
 The sever'd olive branch again
 Firm to its parent stock unite.
 4 Hail, glorious day, expected long !
 When Jew and Greek one prayer
 shall pour,
 With eager feet one temple throng,
 With grateful praise one God adore.

HYMN 109. (IV. 1.)

Rev. xv. 3, 4.

HOW wondrous and great
 Thy works, God of praise !
 How just, King of saints,
 And true, are thy ways !
 O who shall not fear thee,
 And honour thy name !
 Thou only art holy,
 Thou only supreme !
 2 To nations long dark
 Thy light shall be shown ;
 Their worship and vows
 Shall come to thy throne :
 Thy truth and thy judgments
 Shall spread all abroad,
 Till earth's every people
 Confess thee thy God.

2 G 2

FOR SUNDAY AND CHARITY
SCHOOLS.

HYMN 110. (II. 4.)

Children and Congregation.
Children.

COME let our voices join,
 In one glad song of praise ;
 To God, the God of love,
 Our grateful hearts we raise :
Congregation.

To God alone your praise belongs ;
 His love demands your earliest songs
Children.

2 Now we are taught to read
 The book of life divine ;
 Where our Redeemer's love
 And brightest glories shine :
Congregation.

To God alone the praise is due,
 Who sends his word to us and you.
Children.

3 Within these hallow'd walls
 Our wandering feet are brought ;
 Where prayer and praise ascend,
 And heavenly truths are taught :
Congregation.

To God alone your offerings bring ;
 Here in his church his praises sing.
Children.

4 For blessings such as these,
 Our gratitude receive ;
 Lord, here accept our hearts,
 'Tis all that we can give :
Congregation.

Great God, accept their infant songs :
 To thee alone their praise belongs.
Both.

5 Lord, bid this work of love
 Be crown'd with meet success ;
 May thousands yet unborn,
 This institution bless :
 Thus shall the praise resound to thee,
 Now and through all eternity.

HYMN 111. (III. 1.)

GLORY to the Father give,
 God in whom we move and live ;
 Children's prayers he deigns to hear,
 Children's songs delight his ear.
 2 Glory to the Son we bring,
 Christ our Prophet, Priest, and King ;
 Children, raise your sweetest strain
 To the Lamb, for he was slain.
 3 Glory to the Holy Ghost,
 He reclaims the sinner lost ;
 Children's minds may he inspire,
 Touch their tongues with holy fire.

4 Glory in the highest be
To the blessed Trinity,
For the gospel from above,
For the word that "God is love."

HYMN 112. (C. M.)

WHEN Jesus left his heavenly throne

He chose an humble birth;
Like us, unhonour'd and unknown,
He came to dwell on earth.

2 Like him, may we be found below
In wisdom's paths of peace;

Like him in grace and knowledge grow
As years and strength increase.

3 Sweet were his words and kind his look,

When mothers round him press'd;
Their infants in his arms he took,
And on his bosom bless'd:

4 Safe from the world's alluring harms,
Beneath his watchful eye,

O, thus encircled in his arms,
May we for ever lie!

HYMN 113. (L. M.)

LORD, how delightful 'tis to see
A whole assembly worship thee:
At once they sing, at once they pray;
They hear of heaven, and learn the way.

2 I have been there, and still would go,
'Tis like a little heaven below;
Not all that earth and sin can say,
Shall tempt me to forget this day.

3 O write upon my memory, Lord,
The text and doctrine of thy word;
That I may break thy laws no more,
But love thee better than before.

4 With thoughts of Christ and things divine,

Fill up this sinful heart of mine;
That, hoping pardon through his blood,
I may lie down and wake with God.

HYMN 114. (C. M.)

MERCY, descending from above,
In softest accents pleads;
O may each tender bosom move,
When mercy intercedes!

2 Children our kind protection claim,
And God will well approve,
When infants learn to hisp his name,
And their Creator love.

3 Delightful work! young souls to win,
And turn the rising race
From the deceitful paths of sin,
To seek their Saviour's face.

4 Almighty God! thine influence shed
To aid this blest design;

The honour of thy name be spread,
And all the glory thine.

CHARITABLE OCCASIONS.

HYMN 115. (C. M.)

BLEST is the man whose softening heart

Feels all another's pain;
To whom the supplicating eye
Is never raised in vain:

2 Whose breast responds with generous warmth,

A stranger's woe to feel;
Who weeps in pity o'er the wound
He wants the power to heal.

3 To gentle offices of love
His feet are never slow;
He views, through mercy's melting eye,
A brother in a foe.

4 To him protection shall be shown;
And mercy, from above,
Descend on those who thus fulfil
The Christian law of love.

HYMN 116. (C. M.)

RICH are the joys which cannot die,
With God laid up in store;

Treasures beyond the changing sky,
Brighter than golden ore.

2 The seeds which piety and love
Have scatter'd here below,
In the fair fertile fields above
To ample harvests grow.

3 The mite my willing hands can give,
At Jesus' feet I lay;
Grace shall the humble gift receive,
Abounding grace repay.

HYMN 117. (H. 3.)

LORD of life, all praise excelling,
Thou, in glory unconfined,
Deign'st to make thy humble dwelling
With the poor of humble mind.

2 As thy love, through all creation,
Beams like thy diffusive light;
So the high and humble station
Both are equal in thy sight.

3 Thus thy care, for all providing,
Warm'd thy faithful prophet's tongue;
Who, the lot of all deciding,
To thy chosen Israel sung:

4 When thy harvest yields thee pleasure
Thou the golden sheaf shall bind;
To the poor belongs the treasure
Of the scatter'd ears behind.

Chorus.

These thy God ordains to bless,
The widow and the fatherless.

5 When thine olive plants increasing,
Pour their plenty o'er thy plain,
Grateful, thou shalt take the blessing,
But not search the bough again.

Chorus. These, &c.

6 When thy favour'd vintage flowing,
Gladdens thine autumnal scene,
Own the bounteous hand bestowing,
But thy vines the poor shall glean.

Chorus. These, &c.

7 Still we read thy word declaring
Mercy, Lord, thine own decree;
Mercy, every sorrow sharing,
Warms the heart resembling thee.

8 Still the orphan and the stranger,
Still the widow owns thy care;
Screen'd by thee in every danger,
Heard by thee in every prayer.

Hallelujah. Amen.

TO BE USED AT SEA.

HYMN 113. (L. M.)

GOD of the seas! thine awful voice
Bids all the rolling waves rejoice;
And one soft word of thy command
Can sink them silent on the sand.

2 The smallest fish that swims the seas,
Sportful to thee a tribute pays;
And largest monsters of the deep,
At thy command, or rage or sleep.

3 Thus is thy glorious power adored,
Among the watery nations, Lord!
Yet men who trace the dangerous
waves,
Forget the mighty God who saves!

HYMN 119. (IV. 5.)

"Save, Lord! or we perish."
St. Matt. viii. 25.

WHEN through the torn sail the
wild tempest is streaming,
When o'er the dark wave the red light-
ning is gleaming,
Nor hope lends a ray the poor seaman
to cherish,
We fly to our Maker, "Save, Lord!
or we perish."

2 O Jesus, once rock'd on the breast
of the billow,
Aroused by the shriek of despair from
thy pillow,
Now seated in glory, the mariner
cherish,
Who cries in his anguish, "Save, Lord!
or we perish."

3 And O! when the whirlwind of pas-
sion is raging,
When sin in our hearts its wild war-
fare is waging,
Then send down thy Spirit thy ran-
som'd to cherish.
Rebuke the destroyer; "Save, Lord!
or we perish."

HYMN 120. (C. M.)

Which may be used at Sea or on Land.

LORD! for the just thou dost provide,
Thou art their sure defence!
Eternal wisdom is their guide,
Their help, Omnipotence.

2 Though they through foreign lands
should roam,
And breathe the tainted air
In burning climates, far from home,
Yet thou, their God, art there.

3 Thy goodness sweetens every soil,
Makes every country please;
Thou on the snowy hills dost smile,
And smooth'st the rugged seas!

4 When waves on waves to heaven
uprear'd,
Defied the pilot's art;
When terror in each face appear'd,
And sorrow in each heart;

5 To thee I raised my humble prayer,
To snatch me from the grave!
I found thine ear not slow to hear,
Nor short thine arm to save!

6 Thou gavest the word—the winds did
cease,
The storms obey'd thy will,
The raging sea was hush'd in peace,
And every wave was still!

7 For this my life, in every state,
A life of praise shall be;
And death, when death shall be my fate,
Shall join my soul to thee.

FOR THE SICK.

HYMN 121. (L. M.)

WHEN dangers, woes, or death are
nigh,
Past mercies teach me where to fly;
Thine arm, Almighty God, can aid,
When sickness grieves, and pains in-
vade.

2 To all the various helps of art,
Kindly thy healing power impart;
Bethesda's bath refused to save,
Unless an angel bless'd the wave.

3 All med'cines act by thy decree,
Receive commission all from thee,
And not a plant which spreads the
plains,
But teems with health, when heaven
ordains.

4 Clay and Siloam's pool, we find,
At heaven's command restored the
blind;
And Jordan's waters hence were seen
To wash a Syrian leper clean.

5 But grant me nobler favours still,
Grant me to know and do thy will;
Purge my foul soul from every stain,
And save me from eternal pain.

6 Can such a wretch for pardon sue?
My crimes, my crimes arise in view,
Arrest my trembling tongue in prayer,
And pour the horrors of despair.

7 But thou, regard my contrite sighs,
My tortured breast, my streaming eyes;
To me thy boundless love extend,
My God, my Father, and my Friend.

8 These lovely names I ne'er could
plead,
Had not thy Son vouchsafed to bleed;
His blood procures our fallen race
Admittance to the throne of grace.

9 When sin has shot its poison'd dart,
And conscious guilt corrodes the heart,
His blood is all-sufficient found,
To draw the shaft and heal the wound.

10 What arrows pierce so deep as sin?
What venom gives such pain within?
Thou great Physician of the soul,
Rebuke my pangs and make me whole.

11 O! if I trust thy sovereign skill,
And bow submissive to thy will,
Sickness and death shall both agree
To bring me, Lord, at last to thee.

HYMN 122. (C. M.)

On Recovery from Sickness.

WHEN we are raised from deep
distress,
Our God deserves our song;
We take the pattern of our praise
From Hezekiah's tongue.

2 The gates of the devouring grave
Are open'd wide in vain,
If he that holds the keys of death,
Commands them fast again.

3 When he but speaks the healing
word,
Then no disease withstands;
Fevens and plagues obey the Lord,
And fly, as he commands.

4 If half the strings of life should break,
He can our frame restore,
And cast our sins behind his back,
And they are found no more.

5 To him I cried, "Thy servant save,
Thou ever good and just;
Thy power can rescue from the grave
Thy power is all my trust!"

6 He heard, and saved my soul from
death,
And dried my falling tears;
Now to his praise I'll spend my breath,
Through my remaining years.

HYMN 123. (L. M.)

On the same.

MY God, since thou hast raised
me up,
Thee I'll extol with thankful voice

Restored by thine almighty power,
With fear before thee I'll rejoice.

2 With troubles worn, with pain op-
press'd,
To thee I cried, and thou didst save
Thou didst support my sinking hopes,
My life didst rescue from the grave.

3 Wherefore, ye saints, rejoice with
me,
With me sing praises to the Lord;
Call all his goodness to your mind,
And all his faithfulness record.

4 His anger is but short: his love,
Which is our life, hath certain stay;
Grief may continue for a night,
But joy returns with rising day.

5 Then, what I vow'd in my distress,
In happier hours I now will give,
And strive that in my grateful verse,
His praises may for ever live.

6 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The blest and undivided Three;
The one sole giver of all life,
Glory and praise for ever be.

FUNERALS.

HYMN 124. (C. M.)

HEAR what the voice from heaven
declares
To those in Christ who die!
"Released from all their earthly cares,
They'll reign with him on high."

2 Then why lament departed friends,
Or shake at death's alarms?
Death's but the servant Jesus sends
To call us to his arms.

3 If sin be pardon'd, we're secure,
Death hath no sting beside;
The law gave sin its strength and
power;
But Christ, our ransom, died!

4 The graves of all his saints he bless'd,
When in the grave he lay;
And, rising thence, their hopes he raised
To everlasting day!

5 Then, joyfully, while life we have,
To Christ, our life, we'll sing,
"Where is thy victory, O grave?
And where, O death, thy sting?"

HYMN 125. (C. M.)

WHEN those we love are snatch'd
away
By death's resistless hand,
Our hearts the mournful tribute pay
That friendship must demand.

2 While pity prompts the rising sigh,
With awful power impress'd;
May this dread truth, "I too must die,"
Sink deep in every breast.

- 3 Let this vain world allure no more ;
Behold the opening tomb ;
It bids us use the present hour,
To-morrow death may come.
- 4 The voice of this instructive scene
May every heart obey !
Nor be the faithful warning vain
Which calls to watch and pray.
- 5 O let us to that Saviour fly,
Whose arm alone can save ;
Then shall our hopes ascend on high,
And triumph o'er the grave.

HYMN 126. (C. M.)

Death of a Young Person.

- H**OW short the race our friend has
run,
Cut down in all his bloom !
The course but yesterday begun
Now finish'd in the tomb !
- 2 Thou joyous youth ! hence learn how
soon
Thy years may end their flight ;
Long, long before life's brilliant noon
May come death's gloomy night.
- 3 To serve thy God no longer wait,
To-day his voice regard ;
To-morrow mercy's open gate
May be for ever barr'd.
- 4 And thus the Lord reveals his grace
Thy youthful love to gain ;
The soul that early seeks my face
Shall never seek in vain.

HYMN 127. (L. M.)

Death of an Infant.

- A**S the sweet flower that scents the
morn,
But withers in the rising day ;
Thus lovely was this infant's dawn,
Thus swiftly fled its life away.
- 2 It died ere its expanding soul
Had ever burnt with wrong desires,
Had ever spurn'd at heaven's control
Or ever quench'd its sacred fires.
- 3 It died to sin, it died to cares,
But for a moment felt the rod :
O mourner, such the Lord declares,
Such are the children of our God !

VIII. INVITATION AND WARN-
ING.

HYMN 128. (III. 1.)

- S**INNERS, turn, why will ye die ?
God, your Maker, asks you why ?
God, who did your being give,
Made you with himself to live ;
He the fatal cause demands,
Asks the work of his own hands ;
Why, ye thankless creatures, why
Will ye cross his love, and die ?

- 2 Sinners, turn, why will ye die ?
God, your Saviour, asks you why ?
He, who did your souls retrieve,
Died himself that ye might live.
Will you let him die in vain ?
Crucify your Lord again ?
Why, ye ransom'd sinners, why
Will ye slight his grace, and die ?

- 3 Sinners, turn, why will ye die ?
God, the Spirit, asks you why ?
He, who all your lives hath strove,
Woo'd you to embrace his love :
Will ye not his grace receive ?
Will ye still refuse to live ?
O, ye dying sinners, why,
Why will ye for ever die ?

HYMN 129. (III. 1.)

- H**ASTEN, sinner, to be wise ;
Stay not for the morrow's sun :
Wisdom, if you still despise,
Harder is it to be won.
- 2 Hasten, mercy to implore ;
Stay not for the morrow's sun :
Lest thy season should be o'er,
Ere this evening's stage be run.
- 3 Hasten, sinner, to return ;
Stay not for the morrow's sun :
Lest thy lamp should cease to burn,
Ere salvation's work is done.
- 4 Hasten, sinner, to be blest ;
Stay not for the morrow's sun :
Lest perdition thee arrest,
Ere the morrow is begun.

HYMN 130. (II. 3.)

- P**EACE, troubled soul, whose plaintive
moan
Hath taught each scene the note of
woe ;
Cease thy complaint, suppress thy
groan,
And let thy tears forget to flow :
Behold, the precious balm is found,
To lull thy pain and heal thy wound.
- 2 Come, freely come, by sin oppress'd,
On Jesus cast thy weighty load ;
In him thy refuge find, thy rest,
Safe in the mercy of thy God :
Thy God's thy Saviour ! glorious word !
O hear, believe, and bless the Lord !

HYMN 131. (S. M.)

Rev. xxii. 17. 20.

- T**HE Spirit, in our hearts,
Is whispering, Sinner, come ;
The Bride, the church of Christ, pro-
claims
To all his children come !
- 2 Let him that heareth say
To all about him, come !
Let him that thirsts for righteousness,
To Christ, the fountain, come !

- 3 Yes, whosoever will,
O let him freely come,
And freely drink the stream of life ;
'Tis Jesus bids him come.
- 4 Lo ! Jesus, who invites,
Declares, I quickly come :
Lord, even so ! I wait thy hour ;
Jesus, my Saviour, come !

HYMN 132. (C. M.)

- Y**E humble souls, approach your God
With songs of sacred praise,
For he is good, supremely good,
And kind are all his ways.
- 2 All nature owns his guardian care,
In him we live and move ;
But nobler benefits declare
The wonders of his love.
- 3 He gave his Son, his only Son,
To ransom rebel worms ;
'Tis here he makes his goodness
known
In its diviner forms.
- 4 To this dear refuge, Lord, we come,
'Tis here our hope relies ;
A safe defence, a peaceful home,
When storms of trouble rise.
- 5 Thine eye beholds, with kind regard,
The souls who trust in thee :
Their humble hope thou wilt reward,
With bliss divinely free.
- 6 Great God, to thy Almighty love,
What honours shall we raise !
Not all the angelic songs above
Can render equal praise.

IX. CHRISTIAN DUTIES AND AFFECTIONS.

PRAYER.

HYMN 133. (C. M.)

- A**PPROACH, my soul, the mercy-seat,
Where Jesus answers prayer ;
There humbly fall before his feet,
For none can perish there.
- 2 Thy promise is my only plea,
With this I venture nigh ;
Thou callest burden'd souls to thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.
- 3 Bow'd down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely press'd,
By war without, and fear within,
I come to thee for rest.
- 4 Be thou my shield and hiding place ;
That, shelter'd near thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him, "Thou hast died."
- 5 O wondrous love ! to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead thy gracious name.

HYMN 134. (C. M.)

- P**RAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Utter'd or unexpress'd ;
The motion of a hidden fire,
That trembles in the breast.
- 2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh
The falling of a tear ;
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.
- 3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try ;
Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach
The majesty on high.
- 4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air,
The watch-word at the gates of death ;
He enters heaven with prayer.
- 5 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
Returning from his ways ;
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, " Behold he prays !"
- 6 In prayer, on earth, the saints are
one ;
They're one in word and mind ;
When with the Father and the Son,
Sweet fellowship they find.
- 7 O thou, by whom we come to God,
The life, the truth, the way,
The path of prayer thyself hast trod ;
Lord, teach us how to pray !

REPENTANCE.

HYMN 135. (L. M.)

- O** THOU that hear'st when sinners
cry,
Though all my crimes before thee lie,
Behold them not with angry look,
But blot their memory from thy book.
- 2 Create my nature pure within,
And form my soul averse to sin ;
Let thy good Spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide thy presence from my heart.
- 3 I cannot live without thy light,
Cast out, and banish'd from thy sight :
Thy holy joys, my God, restore,
And guard me that I fall no more.
- 4 Though I have grieved thy Spirit,
Lord,
Thy help and comfort still afford ;
And let a wretch come near thy throne
To plead the merits of thy Son.
- 5 A broken heart, my God, my King,
Is all the sacrifice I bring ;
The God of grace will ne'er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice.
- 6 My soul lies humbled in the dust,
And owns thy dreadful sentence just
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
And save the soul condemn'd to die.

7 Then will I teach the world thy ways ;
Sinners shall learn thy sovereign grace ;
I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,
And they shall praise a pardoning God.

8 O may thy love inspire my tongue,
Salvation shall be all my song :
And all my powers shall join to bless
The Lord, my strength and righteousness.

HYMN 136. (L. M.)

STAY, thou insulted Spirit, stay,
Though I have done thee such
despite,
Nor cast the sinner quite away,
Nor take thine everlasting flight.

2 Though I have most unfaithful been,
And long in vain thy grace received ;
Ten thousand times thy goodness seen,
Ten thousand times thy goodness
grieved ;

3 Yet, oh ! the mourning sinner spare,
In honour of my great High Priest ;
Nor in thy righteous anger swear
To exclude me from thy people's rest.

4 My weary soul, O God, release ;
Uphold me with thy gracious hand ;
Guide me into thy perfect peace,
And bring me to the promised land.

HYMN 137. (L. M.)

OTHAT my load of sin were gone !
O that I could at last submit,
At Jesus' feet to lay it down !
To lay my soul at Jesus' feet !

2 Rest for my soul I long to find ;
Saviour of all, if mine thou art,
Give me thy meek and lowly mind,
And stamp thine image on my heart.

3 Break off the yoke of inbred sin,
And fully set my Spirit free !
I cannot rest till pure within,
Till I am wholly lost in thee.

4 Fain would I learn of thee, my God ;
Thy light and easy burden prove,
The cross, all stain'd with hallow'd
blood,
The labour of thy dying love.

5 I would, but thou must give the
power,
My heart from every sin release ;
Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,
And fill me with thy perfect peace.

HYMN 138. (C. M.)

Penitential Gratitude.

RISE, O my soul, the hours review,
When awed by guilt and fear,
To heaven for grace thou durst not sue,
And found no rescue here :

2 Thy tears are dried, thy griefs are
fled,
Dispell'd each bitter care ;
For heaven itself has lent its aid
To save thee from despair.

3 Hear, then, O God ! thy work fulfil,
And, from thy mercy's throne,
Vouchsafe me strength to do thy will,
And to resist mine own :

4 So shall my soul each power employ
Thy mercy to adore ;
While heaven itself proclaims with
joy—
"One pardon'd sinner more !"

FAITH.

HYMN 139. (H. 2.)

ROCK of ages ! cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee,
Let the water and the blood,
From thy side, a healing flood,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath, and make me pure.

2 Should my tears for ever flow,
Should my zeal no languor know
This for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and thou alone ;
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyelids close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne ;
Rock of ages ! cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee !

HYMN 140. (L. M.)

FAITH is the Christian's evidence
Of things unseen by mortal eye ;
It passes all the bounds of sense,
And penetrates the inmost sky.

2 Things absent it can set in view,
And bring far distant prospects home ;
Events long past it can renew,
And long foresee the things to come.

3 With strong persuasion, from afar
The heavenly region it surveys,
Embraces all the blessings there,
And here enjoys the promises.

4 By faith a steady course we steer,
Through ruffling storms and swelling
seas,

O'ercome the world, keep down our
fear,
And still possess our souls in peace.

5 By faith, we pass the vale of tears
Safe and serene, though oft dis-
tress'd ;

By faith, subdue the king of fears,
And go rejoicing to our rest.

HYMN 141. (C. M.)

Rom. viii. 31—34.

- O** LET triumphant faith dispel
The fears of guilt and woe!
If God be for us, God the Lord,
Who, who shall be our foe?
- 2 He who his only Son gave up
To death, that we might live,
Shall he not all things freely grant,
That boundless love can give?
- 3 Who now his people shall accuse?
'Tis God hath justified:
Who now his people shall condemn?
The Lamb of God hath died.
- 4 And he who died hath risen again,
Triumphant, from the grave:
At God's right hand for us he pleads,
Omnipotent to save.

HYMN 142. (C. M.)

Dead Faith.

- D**E L U D E D souls! that dream of
heaven,
And make their empty boast
Of inward joys, and sins forgiven,
While they are slaves to lust!
- 2 Vain are our fancies, vain our flights,
If faith be cold and dead;
None but a living power unites
To Christ, the living Head.
- 3 The faith which new creates the
heart
And works by active love,
Will bid all sinful joys depart,
And lift the thoughts above.
- 4 God from the curse has set us free
To make us pure within;
Nor did he send his Son to be
The minister of sin.

HYMN 143. (III. 1.)

Christ our Refuge.

- J** E S U S, Saviour of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the waves of trouble roll,
While the tempest still is high:
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide;
O, receive my soul at last!
- 2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee:
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on thee is stay'd,
All my hope from thee I bring,
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

HYMN 144. (IV. 4.)

- H** O W firm a foundation, ye saints of
the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in his excellent
word!
What more can he say, than to you he
hath said,
You who unto Jesus for refuge have
fled:
- 2 "Fear not, I am with thee, O be not
dismay'd,
I, I am thy God, and will still give thee
aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and
cause thee to stand,
Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent
hand.
- 3 "When through the deep waters I
call thee to go,
The rivers of woe shall not thee over-
flow:
For I will be with thee thy troubles to
bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest dis-
tress.
- 4 "When through fiery trials thy path-
way shall lie,
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy
supply;
The flame shall not hurt thee, I only
design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to
refine.
- 5 "The soul that to Jesus hath fled for
repose,
I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell shall endea-
vour to shake,
I'll never—no, never—no, never for-
sake."

HOPE.

HYMN 145.

- R** I S E, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace;
Rise, from transitory things,
Towards heaven, thy destined place.
Sun and moon and stars decay,
Time shall soon this earth remove;
Rise, my soul, and haste away
To seats prepared above.
- 2 Cease, my soul, O cease to mourn,
Press onward to the prize;
Soon thy Saviour will return,
To take thee to the skies;
There is everlasting peace,
Rest, enduring rest, in heaven;
There will sorrow ever cease,
And crowns of joy be given.

HYMN 146. (III. 1.)

- C** H I L D R E N of the heavenly King,
As we journey let us sing;

Sing the Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.

2 We are travelling home to God
In the way the fathers trod ;
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 Banish'd once, by sin betray'd,
Christ our advocate was made ;
Pardon'd now, no more we roam,
Christ conducts us to our home.

4 Lord, obediently we'll go,
Gladly leaving all below :
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

HYMN 147. (C. M.)

WHEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies :
I'll bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And fiery darts be hurl'd,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
Let storms of sorrow fall :
So I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.

4 There, anchor'd safe, my weary soul
Shall find eternal rest ;
Nor storms shall beat, nor billows roll
Across my peaceful breast.

JOY.

HYMN 148. (C. M.)

JOY is a fruit that will not grow
In nature's barren soil ;
All we can boast, till Christ we know,
Is vanity and toil.

2 A bleeding Saviour, seen by faith,
A sense of pardoning love,
A hope that triumphs over death,
Give joys like those above.

3 These are the joys which satisfy
And purify the mind :
Which make the Spirit mount on high,
And leave the world behind.

4 No more, believer, mourn thy lot,
O, thou who art the Lord's,
Resign to those that know him not,
Such joy as earth affords.

HYMN 149. (S. M.)

COME, ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known ;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

2 Let those refuse to sing
That never knew our God,
But children of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.

2 H

3 The God of heaven is ours,
Our Father and our love ;
His care shall guard life's fleeting hours,
Then waft our souls above.

4 There shall we see his face,
And never, never sin ;
There, from the rivers of his grace,
Drink endless pleasures in.

5 Yes, and before we rise
To that immortal state,
The thoughts of such amazing bliss
Should constant joys create.

6 Children of grace have found
Glory begun below ;
Celestial fruits on earthly ground,
From faith and hope may grow.

7 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

8 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry ;
We're travelling through Immanuel's
ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

LOVE.

HYMN 150. (H. 3.)

LORD, with glowing heart I'd praise
thee
For the bliss thy love bestows ;
For the pardoning grace that saves me,
And the peace that from it flows :
Help, O God, my weak endeavour ;
This dull soul to rapture raise ;
Thou must light the flame, or never
Can my love be warm'd to praise.

2 Praise, my soul, the God that sought
thee
Wretched wanderer, far astray ;
Found thee lost, and kindly brought
thee,
From the paths of death away :
Praise, with love's devoutest feeling,
Him who saw thy guilt-born fear ;
And, the light of hope revealing,
Bade the blood-stain'd cross appear.

3 Lord, this bosom's ardent feeling
Vainly would my lips express ;
Low before thy footstool kneeling,
Deign thy suppliant's prayer to bless :
Let thy grace, my soul's chief treasure,
Love's pure flame within me raise ;
And since words can never measure,
Let my life show forth thy praise.

HYMN 151. (H. 1.)

LORD, my God, I long to know,
Of it causes anxious thought ;
Do I love thee, Lord, or no ?
Am I thine, or am I not ?

- 2 Could my heart so hard remain,
Prayer a task and burden prove,
Any duty give me pain,
If I knew a Saviour's love?
- 3 When I turn mine eyes within,
O how dark, and vain, and wild;
Prone to unbelief and sin,
Can I deem myself thy child?
- 4 Yet I mourn my stubborn will,
Find my sin a grief and thrall;
Should I grieve for what I feel,
If I did not love at all?
- 5 Could I love thy saints to meet,
Choose the ways I once abhorr'd,
Find at times the promise sweet,
If I did not love thee, Lord?
- 6 Saviour! let me love thee more,
If I love at all, I pray:
If I have not loved before,
Help me to begin to day.

PRAISE.

HYMN 152.

- T**HE God of Abraham praise,
Who reigns enthroned above;
Ancient, of everlasting days,
And God of love;
Jehovah, great I AM,
By earth and heaven confess'd;
I bow and bless the sacred Name,
For ever bless'd.
- 2 The God of Abraham praise,
At whose supreme command
From earth I rise, and seek the joys
At his right hand;
I all on earth forsake,
Its wisdom, fame, and power:
And him my only portion make,
My shield and tower.
- 3 He by himself hath sworn,
I on his oath depend,
I shall, on angel wings upborne,
To heaven ascend:
I shall behold his face,
I shall his power adore,
And sing the wonders of his grace
For evermore.
- 4 There dwells the Lord, our King,
The Lord, our righteousness,
Triumphant o'er the world and sin
The Prince of peace;
On Zion's sacred height
His kingdom he maintains,
And, glorious, with his saints in light
For ever reigns.
- 5 The God who reigns on high
The great archangels sing;
And "Holy, Holy, Holy," cry,
"Almighty King,

Who was, and is the same,
And evermore shall be,
Jehovah, Father, great I AM!
We worship thee."

- 6 The whole triumphant host
Give thanks to God on high;
Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
They ever cry:
Hail Abraham's God and mine,
I join the heavenly lays;
All might and majesty are thine,
And endless praise.

HYMN 153. (IV. 3.)

Psalm c.

- B**E joyful in God, all ye lands of the
earth,
O serve him with gladness and fear,
Exult in his presence with music and
mirth,
With love and devotion draw near.
- 2 For Jehovah is God, and Jehovah
alone,
Creator and ruler o'er all;
And we are his people, his sceptre we
own;
His sheep, and we follow his call.
- 3 O enter his gates with thanksgiving
and song,
Your vows in his temple proclaim;
His praise with melodious accord
prolong,
And bless his adorable Name.
- 4 For good is the Lord, inexpressibly
good,
And we are the work of his hand;
His mercy and truth from eternity
stood,
And shall to eternity stand.

HYMN 154. (L. M.)

Psalm c.

- B**EFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone;
He can create, and he destroy.
- 2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay and form'd us men:
And when like wandering sheep we
stray'd,
He brought us to his fold again.
- 3 We are his people, we his care,
Our souls and all our mortal frame;
What lasting honours shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to thy Name?
- 4 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful
songs,
High as the heaven our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand
tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding
praise.

5 Wide as the world is thy command,
Vast as eternity thy love ;
Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to
move.

HYMN 155. (III. 1.)

Songs of Praise.

SONGS of praise the angels sang ;
Heaven with hallelujahs rang,
When Jehovah's work begun,
When he spake, and it was done.

2 *Songs of praise* awoke the morn
When the Prince of peace was born ;
Songs of praise arose when he
Captive led captivity.

3 Heaven and earth must pass away ;
Songs of praise shall crown that day :
God will make new heavens and earth :
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

4 And shall man alone be dumb
Till that glorious kingdom come ?
No :—the church delights to raise
Psalms and hymns, and *songs of praise*.

5 Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in *songs of praise* rejoice ;
Learning here by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.

6 Borne upon their latest breath
Songs of praise shall conquer death ;
Then, amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.

CONTENTMENT.

HYMN 156. (C. M.)

FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss,
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at thy throne, let this,
My humble prayer arise—

2 Give me a calm and thankful heart,
From every murmur free ;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make me live to thee :

3 Let the sweet hope that thou art mine,
My life and death attend,
Thy presence through my journey
shine,
And crown my journey's end.

HYMN 157. (L. M.)

BE still, my heart! these anxious
cares,
To thee are burdens, thorns, and
snares ;
They cast dishonour on thy Lord,
And contradict his gracious word.

2 Brought safely by his hand thus far,
Why wilt thou now give place to fear ?
How canst thou want if he provide,
Or lose thy way with such a guide ?

3 When first before his mercy-seat,
Thou didst to him thy all commit ;
He gave thee warrant from that hour,
To trust his wisdom, love, and power.

4 Did ever trouble yet befall,
And he refuse to hear thy call ?
And has he not his promise past,
That thou shalt overcome at last ?

5 Though rough and thorny be the road,
It leads thee home apace to God ;
Then count thy present trials small,
For heaven will make amends for all.

IN AFFLICTION.

HYMN 158. (C. M.)

HEAR, gracious God! my humble
mean,
To thee I breathe my sighs ;
When will the mournful night be gone ?
When shall my joys arise ?

2 Yet, though my soul in darkness
mourns,
Thy promise is my stay ;
Here would I rest till light returns :
Thy presence makes my day.

3 Come, Lord, and with celestial peace
Relieve my aching heart ;
O smile, and bid my sorrows cease,
And all their gloom depart.

4 Then shall my drooping spirit rise,
And bless thy healing rays,
And change these deep, complaining
sighs
For songs of sacred praise.

HYMN 159. (II. 3.)

Psalms xlii. 1—5.

AS, panting in the sultry beam,
The hart desires the cooling
stream,
So to thy presence, Lord, I flee,
So longs my soul, O God, for thee ;
Athirst to taste thy living grace,
And see thy glory face to face.

2 But rising griefs distress my soul,
And tears on tears successive roll ;
For many an evil voice is near,
To chide my woe and mock my fear ;
And silent memory weeps alone
O'er hours of peace and gladness flown.

3 For I have walk'd the happy round
That 'circles Zion's holy ground,
And gladly swell'd the choral lays
That hymn'd my great Redeemer's
praise,
What time the hallow'd arches rung
Responsive to the solemn song.

4 Ah, why, by passing clouds oppress'd,
Should vexing thoughts distract thy
breast ?

Turn, turn to Him, in every pain,
Whom supplicants never sought in vain—
Thy strength, in joy's ecstatic day,
Thy hope, when joy has pass'd away.

HYMN 160. (H. 3.)

A compassionate High Priest.

Heb. iv. 15.

WHEN gathering clouds around I
view,

And days are dark, and friends are few,
On him I lean, who, not in vain,
Experienced every human pain;
He feels my griefs, he sees my fears
And counts and treasures up my tears.

2 If aught should tempt my soul to stray
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way,
To fly the good I would pursue,
Or do the ill I would not do;
Still he, who felt temptation's power,
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.

3 When vexing thoughts within me rise,
And, sore dismay'd, my spirit dies;
Then he, who once vouchsafed to bear
The sickening anguish of despair,
Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry,
The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.

4 When sorrowing o'er some stone I
bend,

Which covers all that was a friend,
And from his voice, his hand, his smile,
Divides me for a little while;
Thou, Saviour, seest the tears I shed,
For thou didst weep o'er Lazarus dead.

5 And, oh! when I have safely past
Through every conflict but the last,
Still, still unchanging, watch beside
My bed of death—for thou hast died:
Then point to realms of endless day,
And wipe the latest tear away.

HYMN 161. (L. M.)

Sanctified Affliction.

LORD! unafflicted, undismay'd,
In pleasure's path how long I
stray'd,

But thou hast made me feel thy rod!
And turn'd my soul to thee, my God.

2 What though it pierced my fainting
heart,
I bless thy hand that caused the smart;
It taught my tears awhile to flow,
But saved me from eternal woe!

3 O, hadst thou left me unchastised,
Thy precepts I had still despised,
And still the snare in secret laid
Had my unwary feet betray'd.

4 I love thy chastenings, O my God,
They fix my hopes on thy abode;
Where, in thy presence fully blest,
Thy stricken saints for ever rest.

DAILY DEVOTION.

HYMN 162. (H. 3.)

Daily Dependence.

WHEN streaming from the eastern
skies,

The morning light salutes mine eyes,
O Sun of righteousness divine,
On me with beams of mercy shine;
Chase the dark clouds of sin away,
And turn my darkness into day.

2 When to heaven's great and glorious
King

My mourning sacrifice I bring;
And, mourning o'er my guilt and shame,
Ask mercy, Saviour, in thy name;
My conscience sprinkle with thy blood
And be my advocate with God.

3 As every day thy mercy spares
Will bring its trials and its cares;
O Saviour, till my life shall end,
Be thou my counsellor and friend:
Teach me thy precepts, all divine,
And be thy pure example mine.

4 When pain transfixes every part,
Or languor settles at the heart;
When on my bed, diseased, oppress'd,
I turn, and sigh, and long for rest;
O great Physician! see my grief,
And grant thy servant sweet relief.

5 Should poverty's destructive blow
Lay all my worldly comforts low;
And neither help nor hope appear,
My steps to guide, my heart to cheer;
Lord, pity and supply my need,
For thou on earth wast poor indeed.

6 Should Providence profusely pour
Its varied blessings in my store;
O keep me from the ills that wait
On such a seeming prosperous state:
From hurtful passions set me free,
And humbly may I walk with thee.

7 When each day's scenes and labours
close,

And wearied nature seeks repose,
With pardoning mercy richly bless'd,
Guard me, my Saviour, while I rest:
And, as each morning sun shall rise,
O lead me onward to the skies.

8 And, at my life's last setting sun,
My conflicts o'er, my labours done,
Jesus, thy heavenly radiance shed,
To cheer and bless my dying bed;
And, from death's gloom my spirit raise,
To see thy face and sing thy praise.

HYMN 163. (L. M.)

"I have set God always before me."
Ps. xvi. 9.

SAVIOUR! when night involves the
skies,

My soul, adoring, turns to thee,

Thee, self-abased, in mortal guise,
And wrapt in shades of death for me.

2 On thee my waking raptures dwell,
When crimson gleams the east adorn,
Thee, victor of the grave and hell,
Thee, source of life's eternal morn.

3 When noon her throne in light arrays,
To thee my soul triumphant springs;
Thee, throned in glory's endless blaze,
Thee, Lord of lords, and King of kings.

4 O'er earth, when shades of evening steal,
To death and thee my thoughts I give,—
To death, whose power I soon must feel,
To thee, with whom I trust to live.

HYMN 164. (L. M.)

Morning Hymn.

AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily course of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and early rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

2 Redeem thy mispent time that's past;
Live this day as if 'twere thy last;
To improve thy talents take due care;
'Gainst the great day thyself prepare.

3 Let all thy converse be sincere,
Thy conscience as the noonday clear;
Think how the all-seeing God, thy ways
And all thy secret thoughts surveys.

4 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part:
Who all night long unwearied sing,
Glory to thee, eternal King!

5 I wake, I wake, ye heavenly choir;
May your devotion me inspire;
That I like you my age may spend,
Like you may on my God attend.

6 May I like you in God delight,
Have all day long my God in sight;
Perform like you my Maker's will;
O! may I never more do ill.

7 Glory to thee, who safe hast kept,
And hast refresh'd me while I slept;
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless life partake.

8 Lord, I my vows to thee renew;
Scatter my sins as morning dew:
Guard my first spring of thought and will,
And with thyself my spirit fill.

9 Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say,
That all my powers with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.

2 H 2

10 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise him, all creatures here below:
Praise him above, ye angelic host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

HYMN 165. (L. M.)

Morning.

ARISE, my soul, with rapture rise!
And, fill'd with love and fear, adore
The awful Sovereign of the skies.
Whose mercy lends me one day more.

2 And may this day, indulgent Power!
Not idly pass, nor fruitless be;
But may each swiftly flying hour
Still nearer bring my soul to Thee!

3 But can it be? that Power divine
Is throned in light's unbounded blaze;
And countless worlds and angels join
To swell the glorious song of praise:

4 And will he deign to lend an ear,
When I, poor abject mortal, pray?
Yes, boundless goodness! he will hear,
Nor cast the meanest wretch away.

5 Then let me serve thee all my days,
And may my zeal with years increase;
For pleasant, Lord, are all thy ways,
And all thy paths are paths of peace.

HYMN 166. (C. M.)

Morning.

TO thee let my first offerings rise,
Whose sun creates the day,
Swift as his gladdening influence flies,
And spotless as his ray.

2 This day, thy favouring hand be nigh.
So oft vouchsafed before;
Still may it lead, protect, supply,
And I that hand adore.

3 If bliss thy providence impart,
For which, resign'd, I pray,
Give me to feel a cheerful heart,
And grateful homage pay.

4 Affliction should thy love intend,
As vice or folly's cure,
Patient to gain that gracious end,
May I the means endure.

5 Be this and every future day
Still wiser than the past,
And when I all my life survey,
May grace sustain at last.

HYMN 167. (H. 1.)

Morning.

NOW the shades of night are gone,
Now the morning light is come—
Lord, may we be thine to-day;
Drive the shades of sin away.

2 Fill our souls with heavenly light,
Banish doubt and clear our sight;
In thy service, Lord, to-day,
May we labour, watch, and pray.

3 Keep our haughty passions bound;
Save us from our foes around;
Going out and coming in,
Keep us safe from every sin.

4 When our work of life is past,
O receive us then at last;
Night and sin will be no more,
When we reach the heavenly shore.

HYMN 168. (L. M.)

Evening Hymn.

GLORY to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Under thine own almighty wings.

2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ills that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Teach me to live that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Triumphing rise at the last day.

4 O may my soul on thee repose,
And with sweet sleep mine eyelids
close;
Sleep, that may me more vigorous
make,

To serve my God when I awake.

5 When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.

6 O when shall I, in endless day,
For ever chase dark sleep away,
And hymns divine with angels sing,
Glory to thee, eternal King!

7 Praise God, from whom all blessings
flow,

Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye angelic host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

HYMN 169. (L. M.)

Evening.

GREAT God! to thee my evening
song
With humble gratitude I raise;
O let thy mercy tune my tongue
And fill my heart with lively praise.

2 My days unclouded as they pass,
And every onward rolling hour,
Are monuments of wondrous grace,
And witness to thy love and power.

3 And yet this thoughtless, wretched
heart,
Too oft regardless of thy love,

Ungrateful, can from thee depart,
And from the path of duty rove.

4 Seal my forgiveness in the blood
Of Christ, my Lord; his Name alone
I plead for pardon, gracious God,
And kind acceptance at thy throne.

5 With hope in him mine eyelids close,
With sleep refresh my feeble frame:
Safe in thy care may I repose,
And wake with praises to thy Name.

HYMN 170. (C. M.)

Evening.

NOW from the altar of our hearts,
Let flames of love arise;
Assist us, Lord, to offer up
Our evening sacrifice.

2 Minutes and mercies multiplied
Have made up all this day;
Minutes came quick, but mercies were
More swift, more free than they.

3 New time, new favours, and new joys,
Do a new song require;
Till we shall praise thee as we would,
Accept our hearts' desire.

HYMN 171. (S. M.)

Evening.

THE day is past and gone;
The evening shades appear;
O may we all remember well
The night of death draws near.

2 We lay our garments by,
Upon our beds to rest;
So death shall soon disrobe us all
Of what is here possess'd.

3 Lord, keep us safe this night,
Secure from all our fears;
May angels guard us while we sleep,
Till morning light appears.

HYMN 172. (III. 1.)

Psalm cxli. 2.

SOFTLY now the light of day
Fades upon my sight away;
Free from care, from labour free,
Lord, I would commune with thee!

2 Thou, whose all-pervading eye
Naught escapes, without, within,
Pardon each infirmity,
Open fault, and secret sin.

3 Soon for me the light of day
Shall for ever pass away;
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take me, Lord, to dwell with thee!

4 Thou who, sinless, yet hast known
All of man's infirmity;
Then, from thine eternal throne,
Jesus, look with pitying eye.

HYMN 173. (IV. 2.)

Evening.

INSPIRER and hearer of prayer,
Thou Shepherd and Guardian of
thine,
My all to thy covenant care,
I, sleeping or waking, resign.

2 If thou art my shield and my sun,
The night is no darkness to me;
And, fast as my minutes roll on,
They bring me but nearer to thee.

3 A sovereign Protector I have,
Unseen, yet for ever at hand;
Unchangeably faithful to save,
Almighty to rule and command.

4 His smiles and his comforts abound,
His grace, as the dew, shall descend;
And walls of salvation surround
The soul he delights to defend.

X. THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

HYMN 174. (C. M.)

Renouncing the World.

LET worldly minds the world pursue,
It has no charms for me;
Once I admired its follies too,
But grace has set me free.

2 Those follies now no longer please,
No more delight afford;
Far from my heart be joys like these
Now I have known the Lord.

3 As by the light of opening day
The stars are all conceal'd,
So earthly pleasures fade away
When Jesus is reveal'd.

4 Creatures no more divide my choice,
I bid them all depart;
His name, and love, and gracious voice
Shall fix my roving heart.

5 Now, Lord, I would be thine alone,
And wholly live to thee;
Yet worthless still, myself I own,
Thy worth is all my plea.

HYMN 175. (L. M.)

Not ashamed of Christ.

JESUS! and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of thee!
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless
days!

2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let night disown each radiant star;
'Tis midnight with my soul till he,
Bright Morning Star, bid darkness flee.

3 Ashamed of Jesus! O, as soon
Let morning blush to own the sun;
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

4 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend
No; when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.

5 Ashamed of Jesus! empty pride!
I'll boast a Saviour crucified;
And, O, may this my portion be,
My Saviour not ashamed of me!

HYMN 176. (S. M.)

Prayer for Christian Graces.

JESUS, my strength, my hope,
On thee I cast my care,
With humble confidence look up,
And know thou hear'st my prayer:
Give me on thee to wait,
Till I can all things do;
On thee, almighty to create,
Almighty to renew.

2 I want a sober mind,
A self-renouncing will,
That tramples down and casts behind
The baits of pleasing ill:
A soul inured to pain,
To hardship, grief and loss;
Ready to take up and sustain
The consecrated cross.

3 I want a godly fear,
A quick, discerning eye,
That looks to thee when sin is near
And sees the tempter fly;
A spirit still prepared,
And arm'd with jealous care,
For ever standing on its guard,
And watching unto prayer.

4 I want a heart to pray,
To pray, and never cease,
Never to murmur at thy stay,
Or wish my sufferings less;
This blessing, above all,
Always to pray I want,
Out of the deep, on thee to call,
And never, never faint.

5 I want a true regard,
A single, steady aim,
Unmoved by threatening or reward,
To thee and thy great name:
A jealous, just concern
For thine immortal praise;
A pure desire that all may learn
And glorify thy grace.

6 I rest upon thy word,
The promise is for me;
My succour and salvation, Lord,
Shall surely come from thee;
But let me still abide,
Nor from my hope remove,
Till thou my patient spirit guide
Into thy perfect love.

HYMN 177. (III. 3.)

Prayer for Guidance.

GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land;

- Am weak, but thou art mighty ;
Hold me with thy powerful hand.
- 2 Open now the crystal fountains
Whence the living waters flow ;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar,
Lead me all my journey through.
- 3 Feed me with the heavenly manna
In this barren wilderness ;
Be my sword, and shield, and banner ;
Be the *Lord my righteousness.*
- 4 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside ;
Death of death, and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side.

HYMN 178. (L. M.)

Following the Example of Christ.

- W**HENE'ER the angry passions rise,
And tempt our thoughts or
tongues to strife,
To Jesus let us lift our eyes,
Bright pattern of the Christian life.
- 2 O how benevolent and kind !
How mild, how ready to forgive !
Be this the temper of our mind,
And these the rules by which we live.
- 3 To do his heavenly Father's will
Was his employment and delight,
Humility and holy zeal
Shone through his life, divinely
bright.
- 4 Dispensing good where'er he came,
The labours of his life were love :
Then, if we bear the Saviour's name,
By his example let us move.
- 5 But ah ! how blind, how weak we are,
How frail, how apt to turn aside !
Lord, we depend upon thy care ;
We ask thy Spirit for our guide.
- 6 Thy fair example may we trace,
To teach us what we ought to be ;
Make us, by thy transforming grace,
O Saviour, daily more like thee.

HYMN 179. (S. M.)

Duties.

- A** CHARGE to keep I have,
A God to glorify ;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky :
- 2 From youth to hoary age,
My calling to fulfil :
- O may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will.
Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live,
And O, thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give :
- 4 Help me to watch and pray
And on thyself rely ;

Assured if I my trust betray,
I shall for ever die.

HYMN 180. (C. M.)

"*Forgetting those things which are
behind,*" &c.

Phil. iii. 13, 14.

- A**WAKE, my soul, stretch every
nerve,
And press with vigour on,
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.
- 2 A cloud of witnesses around,
Hold thee in full survey ;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.
- 3 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high ;
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine uplifted eye.
- 4 Then wake, my soul, stretch every
nerve,
And press with vigour on,
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

HYMN 181. (C. M.)

Doubting.

- T**HE Lord will happiness divine
On contrite hearts bestow ;
Then tell me, gracious God, is mine
A contrite heart or no ?
- 2 I hear, but seem to hear in vain,
Insensible as steel ;
If aught is felt, 'tis only pain
To find I cannot feel.
- 3 My best desires are faint and few,
I fain would strive for more ;
But when I cry, "My strength renew,"
Seem weaker than before.
- 4 I see thy saints with comfort fill'd,
When in thy house of prayer ;
But still in bondage I am held,
And find no comfort there.
- 5 O make this heart rejoice or ache ;
Decide this doubt for me ;
And if it be not broken, break ;
And heal it, if it be.

HYMN 182. (C. M.)

Desires after renewed Holiness.

- O**FOR a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame !
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb !
- 2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord ?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word ?

3 What peaceful hours I then enjoy'd ;
 How sweet their memory still :
 But now I feel an aching void
 The world can never fill.

4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
 Sweet messenger of rest ;
 I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
 And drove thee from my breast.

5 The dearest idol I have known,
 Whate'er that idol be,
 Help me to tear it from thy throne,
 And worship only thee.

6 So shall my walk be close with God ;
 Calm and serene my frame ;
 So purer light shall mark the road
 That leads me to the Lamb.

HYMN 183. (III. 1.)

Trials.

THIS my happiness below,
 Not to live without the cross ;
 But the Saviour's power to know,
 Sanctifying every loss.

2 Trials must and will befall ;
 But with humble faith to see
 Love inscribed upon them all—
 This is happiness to me.

3 Did I meet no trials here,
 No chastisement by the way,
 Might I not with reason fear
 I should be a cast-away ?

4 Trials make the promise sweet ;
 Trials give new life to prayer ;
 Bring me to my Saviour's feet,
 Lay me low, and keep me there.

HYMN 184. (C. M.)

Habitual Devotion.

WHILE thee I seek, protecting
 Power,
 Be my vain wishes still'd :
 And may this consecrated hour
 With better hopes be fill'd.

2 Thy love the power of thought be-
 stow'd,
 To thee my thoughts would soar :
 Thy mercy o'er my life has flow'd,
 That mercy I adore.

3 In each event of life, how clear
 Thy ruling hand I see !
 Each blessing to my soul more dear,
 Because conferr'd by thee.

4 In every joy that crowns my days,
 In every pain I bear,
 My heart shall find delight in praise,
 Or seek relief in prayer.

5 When gladness wings my favour'd
 hour,
 Thy love my thoughts shall fill ;
 Resign'd, when storms of sorrow lower,
 My soul shall meet thy will.

6 My lifted eye, without a tear,
 The gathering storm shall see ;
 My steadfast heart shall know no fear,
 That heart will rest on thee.

HYMN 185.

Walking with God.

SINCE I've known a Saviour's name
 And sin's strong fetters broke,
 Careful without care I am,
 Nor feel my easy yoke :
 Joyful now my faith to show,
 I find his service my reward,
 All the work I do be'low
 Is light, for such a Lord.

2 To the desert or the cell
 Let others blindly fly,
 In this evil world I dwell,
 Nor fear its enmity ;
 Here I find a house of prayer,
 To which I inwardly retire ;
 Walking unconcern'd in care,
 And unconsumed in fire.

3 O that all the world might know
 Of living, Lord, to thee,
 Find their heaven begun below,
 And here thy goodness see ;
 Walk in all the works prepared
 By thee to exercise their grace,
 Till they gain their full reward,
 And see thee, face to face.

HYMN 186. (L. M.)

Heaven seen by Faith.

AS when the weary traveller gains
 The height of some commanding
 hill,

His heart revives, if o'er the plains
 He sees his home, though distant still.

2 So when the Christian pilgrim views
 By faith his mansion in the skies,
 The sight his fainting strength renews,
 And wings his speed to reach the
 prize.

3 The hope of heaven his spirit cheers ;
 No more he grieves for sorrows past ;
 Nor any future conflict fears,
 So he may safe arrive at last.

4 O Lord, on thee our hopes we stay,
 To lead us on to thine abode :
 Assured thy love will far o'erpay
 The hardest labours of the road.

HYMN 187. (IV. 4.)

"I would not live alway."—Job vii. 16.

I WOULD not live alway : I ask not to
 stay
 Where storm after storm rises dark
 o'er the way ;
 The few lurid mornings that dawn on us
 here
 Are enough for life's woes, full enough
 for its cheer.

2 I would not live alway, thus fetter'd
by sin;
Temptation without and corruption
within:
E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled
with fears,
And the cup of thanksgiving with pen-
itent tears.

3 I would not live alway: no—welcome
the tomb,
Since Jesus hath lain theré, I dread not
its gloom;
There, sweet be my rest, till he bid
me arise
To hail him in triumph descending the
skies.

4 Who, who would live alway, away
from his God;
Away from yon heaven, that blissful
abode,
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er
the bright plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally
reigns:

5 Where the saints of all ages in har-
mony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren, transport-
ed to greet;
While the anthems of rapture unceas-
ingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast
of the soul!

XI. DEATH.

HYMN 188. (C. M.)

Job xiv. 1, 2, 5, 6.

FEW are thy days and full of woe,
O man, of woman born!
Thy doom is written, "Dust thou art,
To dust thou shalt return."

2 Behold the emblem of thy state
In flowers that bloom and die,
Or in the shadow's fleeting form
That mocks the gazer's eye.

3 Determined are the days that fly
Successive o'er thy head;
The number'd hour is on the wing
That lays thee with the dead.

4 Great God! afflict not, in thy wrath,
The short allotted span,
That bounds the few and weary days
Of pilgrimage to man.

HYMN 189. (C. M.)

HARK! from the tombs a mournful
sound;
Mine ears, attend the cry:
"Ye living men, come view the ground
Where you must shortly lie.

2 "Princes, this clay must be your bed,
In spite of all your towers;

The tall, the wise, the reverend head,
Must lie as low as ours."

3 Great God! is this our certain doom?
And are we still secure?
Still walking downward to the tomb,
And yet prepare no more?

4 Grant us the power of quickening
grace
To raise our souls to thee,
That we may view thy glorious face
To all eternity.

HYMN 190. (S. M.)

Job xiv. 11—14.

THE mighty flood that rolls
Its torrents to the main,
Can ne'er recall its waters lost
From that abyss again:

2 So days, and years, and time,
Descending down to night,
Can thenceforth never more return
Back to the sphere of light:

3 And man, when in the grave,
Can never quit its gloom,
Until the eternal morn shall wake
The slumber of the tomb.

4 O, may I find in death
A hiding-place with God,
Secure from woe and sin; till call'd
To share his bless'd abode!

5 Cheer'd by this hope, I wait,
Through toil, and care, and grief,
Till my appointed course is run,
And death shall bring relief.

HYMN 191.

VITAL spark of heavenly flame!
Quit, O quit this mortal frame!
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,
O, the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.

2 Hark! they whisper! angels say,
Sister spirit, come away!
What is this absorbs me quite,
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirit, draws my breath?
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

3 The world recedes, it disappears!
Heaven opens on my eyes! my ears
With sounds seraphic ring!
Lead, lend your wings! I mount, I fly!
O grave, where is thy victory!
O death, where is thy sting!

XII. JUDGMENT.

HYMN 192. (C. M.)

WHEN, rising from the bed of
death,
O'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear,
I see my Maker, face to face;
O how shall I appear!

- 2 If yet, while pardon may be found,
And mercy may be sought,
My heart with inward horror shrinks,
And trembles at the thought ;
- 3 When thou, O Lord, shalt stand dis-
closed
In majesty severe,
And sit in judgment on my soul,
O how shall I appear !
- 4 But thou hast told the troubled mind
Who does her sins lament,
That faith in Christ's atoning blood
Shall endless woe prevent.
- 5 Then never shall my soul despair
Her pardon to procure,
Who knows thine only Son has died
To make that pardon sure.

HYMN 193. (S. M.)

- A**ND will the Judge descend ?
And must the dead arise ?
And not a single soul escape
His all-discerning eyes ?
- 2 And from his righteous lips
Shall this dread sentence sound ;
And through the numerous guilty
throng
Spread black despair around ?
- 3 " Depart from me, accursed,
To everlasting flame,
For rebel angels first prepared,
Where mercy never came."
- 4 How will my heart endure
The terrors of that day ;
When earth and heaven before his face
Astonish'd shrink away ?
- 5 But, ere the trumpet shakes
The mansions of the dead,
Hark, from the gospel's cheering sound,
What joyful tidings spread !
- 6 Ye sinners, seek his grace,
Whose wrath ye cannot bear ;
Fly to the shelter of his cross,
And find salvation there.
- 7 So shall that curse remove,
By which the Saviour bled ;
And the last awful day shall pour
His blessings on your head.

HYMN 194. (H. 7.)

- G**REAT God, what do I see and hear !
The end of things created !
The Judge of man I see appear,
On clouds of glory seated :
The trumpet sounds ; the graves re-
store
The dead which they contain'd before ;
Prepare, my soul, to meet him.
- 2 The dead in Christ shall first arise
At the last trumpet's sounding,
Caught up to meet him in the skies,
With joy their Lord surrounding :

- No gloomy fears their souls dismay,
His presence sheds eternal day
On those prepared to meet him.
- 3 But sinners, fill'd with guilty fears,
Behold his wrath prevailing ;
For they shall rise, and find their tears
And sighs are unavailing :
The day of grace is past and gone ;
Trembling they stand before the throne,
All unprepared to meet him.
- 4 Great God, what do I see and hear !
The end of things created !
The Judge of man I see appear,
On clouds of glory seated :
Beneath his cross I view the day
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
And thus prepare to meet him.

HYMN 195. (H. 1.)

St. Luke xiii. 24—27.

- S**E EK, my soul, the narrow gate,
Enter ere it be too late ;
Many ask to enter there,
When too late to offer prayer.
- 2 God from mercy's seat shall rise,
And for ever bar the skies :
Then, though sinners cry without,
He will say, " I know you not."
- 3 Mournfully will they exclaim—
Lord ! we have profess'd thy Name ;
We have eat with thee, and heard
Heavenly teaching in thy word.
- 4 Vain, alas ! will be their plea,
Workers of iniquity ;
Sad their everlasting lot ;
Christ will say, " I know you not."

XIII. ETERNITY.

HYMN 196. (S. M.)

- O** WHERE shall rest be found ?
Rest for the weary soul ?—
'Twere vain the ocean's depths to
sound,
Or pierce to either pole.
- 2 The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh :
'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.
- 3 Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years ;
And all that life is love.
- 4 There is a death, whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath :
O what eternal horrors hang
Around the second death !
- 5 Lord God of truth and grace
Teach us that death to shun,
Lest we be driven from thy face,
For evermore undone.

HYMN 197. (C. M.)

2 Cor. iv. 18.

HOW long shall earth's alluring toys
 Detain our hearts and eyes,
 Regardless of immortal joys,
 And strangers to the skies !

2 These transient scenes will soon decay,
 They fade upon the sight ;
 And quickly will their brightest day
 Be lost in endless night.

3 Their brightest day, alas ! how vain !
 With conscious glisws we own ;
 While clouds of sorrow, care, and pain,
 O'ershade the smiling noon.

4 O could our thoughts and wishes fly
 Above these gloomy shades,
 To those bright worlds beyond the sky,
 Which sorrow ne'er invades !

5 There joys unseen by mortal eyes,
 Or reason's feeble ray,
 In ever-blooming prospects rise,
 Unconscious of decay.

6 Lord, send a beam of light divine,
 To guide our upward aim !
 With one reviving touch of thine
 Our languid hearts inflame.

7 Then shall, on faith's sublimest wing,
 Our ardent wishes rise,
 To those bright scenes where pleasures spring,
 Immortal in the skies.

HYMN 198. (C. M.)

COME, Lord, and warm each languid heart,
 Inspire each lifeless tongue ;
 And let the joys of heaven impart
 Their influence to our song.

2 Sorrow and pain, and every care,
 And discord there shall cease ;
 And perfect joy, and love sincere,
 Adorn the realms of peace.

3 The soul for sin for ever free,
 Shall mourn its power no more ;
 But clothed in spotless purity,
 Redeeming love adore.

4 There, on a throne (how dazzling bright !)
 The exalted Saviour shines ;
 And beams ineffable delight
 On all the heavenly minds.

5 There shall the followers of the Lamb
 Join in immortal songs ;
 And endless honours to his name
 Employ their tuneful tongues.

6 Lord, tune our hearts to praise and love,
 Our feeble notes inspire ;
 Till in thy blissful courts above
 We join the angelic choir.

HYMN 199. (C. M.)

THERE is a land of pure delight,
 Where saints immortal reign ;
 Eternal day excludes the night,
 And pleasures banish pain.

2 There everlasting spring abides,
 And never fading flowers ;
 Death, like a narrow sea, divides
 This heavenly land from ours.

3 Bright fields beyond the swelling flood
 Stand dress'd in living green ;
 So to the Jews fair Canaan stood,
 While Jordan roll'd between.

4 But timorous mortals start and shrink
 To cross the narrow sea ;
 And linger, trembling, on the brink,
 And fear to launch away.

5 Oh ! could we make our doubts remove,
 Those gloomy doubts that rise,
 And see the Canaan that we love
 With faith's illumined eyes !

6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
 And view the landscape o'er,
 Not Jordan's streams, not death's cold flood,
 Should fright us from the shore.

HYMN 200. (C. M.)

SHOULD nature's charms, to please
 the eye,
 In sweet assemblage join,
 All nature's charms would droop and die,
 Jesus, compared with thine.

2 Vain were her fairest beams display'd,
 And vain her blooming store ;
 Her brightness languishes to shade,
 Her beauty is no more.

3 But, ah ! how far from mortal sight
 The Lord of glory dwells !
 A veil of interposing night
 His radiant face conceals.

4 O could my longing spirit rise
 On strong immortal wing,
 And reach thy palace in the skies,
 My Saviour and my King !

5 There thousands worship at thy feet
 And there, divine employ !
 The triumphs of thy love repeat,
 In songs of endless joy.

6 Thy presence beams eternal day
 O'er all the blissful place ;
 Who would not drop this load of clay,
 And die to see thy face ?

HYMN 201. (H. L.)

Rev. vii. 9, &c.

WHO are these in bright array ?
 Thus innumerable throng,

Round the altar night and day
Tuning their triumphant song ?
" Worthy is the Lamb once slain,
Blessing, honour, glory, power,
Wisdom, riches, to obtain
New dominion every hour."

2 These through fiery trials trod
These from great affliction came ;
Now before the throne of God,
Seal'd with his eternal name :
Clad in raiment pure and white,
Victor palms in every hand,
Through their great Redeemer's might
More than conquerors they stand.

3 Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,
On immortal fruits they feed ;
Them the Lamb amidst the throne
Shall to living fountains lead :
Joy and gladness banish sighs ;
Perfect love dispels their fears ;
And for ever from their eyes
God shall wipe away their tears.

XIV. MISCELLANEOUS.

HYMN 202. (C. M.)

Gen. xxviii. 20, 21.

GOD of our fathers ! by whose hand
Thy people still are blest,
Be with us through our pilgrim age,
Conduct us to our rest.

2 Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide ;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

3 O spread thy sheltering wings around,
Till all our wanderings cease,
And, at our Father's loved abode
Our souls arrive in peace.

4 Such blessings from thy gracious
hand
Our humble prayers implore ;
And thou, the Lord, shalt be our God,
And portion evermore.

HYMN 203. (H. 3.)

1 Chron. xxix. 10—13.

BLESS'D be thou, the God of Israel,
Thou, our Father, and our Lord !
Bless'd thy majesty for ever !
Ever be thy name adored !

2 Thine, O Lord, are power and great-
ness,
Glory, victory are thine own ;
All is thine in earth and heaven,
Over all thy boundless throne.

3 Riches come of thee, and honour,
Power and might to thee belong ;
Thine it is to make us prosper,
Only thine to make us strong.

4 Lord our God ! for these, thy bounties,
Hymns of gratitude we raise ;
To thy Name, for ever glorious,
Ever we address our praise !

HYMN 204. (C. M.)

Prov. iii. 13—17.

O HAPPY is the man who hears
Religion's warning voice,
And who celestial wisdom makes
His early, only choice.

2 For she has treasures greater far
Than east or west unfold ;
More precious are her bright rewards,
Than gems or stores of gold.

3 Her right hand offers to the just
Immortal, happy days ;
Her left, imperishable wealth
And heavenly crowns displays.

4 And, as her holy labours rise,
So her rewards increase ;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.

HYMN 205. (L. M.)

Isa. xl. 6—8.

THE morning flowers display their
sweets,

And gay their silken leaves unfold ;
As careless of the noontide heats,
And fearless of the evening cold.

2 Nipp'd by the wind's unkindly blast,
Parch'd by the sun's more fervent
ray,

The momentary glories waste,
The short-lived beauties die away

3 So blooms the human face divine,
When youth its pride of beauty shows
Fairer than spring the colours shine,
And sweeter than the opening rose.

4 But, worn by slowly rolling years,
Or broke by sickness in a day,
The fading glory disappears,
The short-lived beauties die away.

5 Yet these, new rising from the tomb,
With lustre brighter far shall shine ;
Revive with ever-during bloom,
Safe from diseases and decline.

6 Let sickness blast, and death devour,
If heaven shall recompense our pains ;
Perish the grass, and fade the flower,
If firm the word of God remains.

HYMN 206. (C. M.)

Isa. xl. 27—31.

WHY mournest thou, my anxious
soul,
Despairing of relief,
As if the Lord o'erlook'd thy cares,
Or pitied not thy grief ?

2 Hast thou not known, hast thou not heard,

That firm remains on high,
The everlasting throne of Him
Who made the earth and sky ?

3 Art thou afraid his power will fail
In sorrow's evil day ?

Can the Creator's mighty arm
Grow weary or decay ?

4 Supreme in wisdom as in power
The Rock of ages stands ;

Thou canst not search his mind, nor trace
The working of his hands.

5 He gives the conquest to the weak,
Supports the fainting heart ;

And courage in the evil hour
His heavenly aids impart.

6 Mere human energy shall faint,
And youthful vigour cease ;

But those who wait upon the Lord
In strength shall still increase.

7 They with unwearied step shall tread
The path of life divine ;

With growing ardour onward move,
With growing brightness shine.

8 On eagle's wings they mount, they soar,
On wings of faith and love ;

Till, past the sphere of earth and sin,
They rise to heaven above.

HYMN 207. (C. M.)

Isa. lvii. 15.

THUS speaks the High and Lofty
One,

My throne is fix'd on high ;
There, through eternity, I hear
The praises of the sky :

2 Yet, looking down, I visit oft
The humble, hallow'd cell ;
And, with the penitent who mourn,
'Tis my delight to dwell.

3 My presence heals the wounded
heart,

The sad in spirit cheers ;
My presence, from the bed of dust,
The contrite sinner rears.

4 I dwell with all my humble saints
While they on earth remain ;

And they, exalted, dwell with me,
With me for ever reign.

HYMN 208. (II. 1.)

Hab. iii. 17—19.

ALTHOUGH the vine its fruit deny,
The budding fig tree droop and die,
No oil the olive yield ;

Yet will I trust me in my God,
Yea, bend rejoicing to his rod,
And by his grace be heal'd.

2 Though fields, in verdure once ar-
ray'd,

By whirlwinds desolate be laid,
Or parch'd by scorching beam ;

Still in the Lord shall be my trust,
My joy ; for, though his frown is just,
His mercy is supreme.

3 Though from the fold the flock decay,
Though herds lie famish'd o'er the lea,
And round the empty stall ;

My soul above the wreck shall rise,
Its better joys are in the skies ;
There, God is all in all.

4 In God, my strength, howe'er dis-
tress'd,

I yet will hope and calmly rest,
Nay, triumph in his love ;

My lingering soul, my tardy feet,
Free as the hind he makes and fleet,
To speed my course above.

HYMN 209. (C. M.)

St. John xiv. 6.

THOU art the way—to thee alone
From sin and death we flee ;
And he who would the Father seek,
Must seek him, Lord, by thee.

2 Thou art the truth—thy word alone
True wisdom can impart ;

Thou only canst inform the mind,
And purify the heart.

3 Thou art the life—the rending tomb
Proclaims thy conquering arm,
And those who put their trust in thee
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

4 Thou art the way—the truth, the life
Grant us that way to know,
That truth to keep, that life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow.

HYMN 210. (S. M.)

Phil. ii. 12, 13.

HEIRS of unending life,
While yet we sojourn here,
O let us our salvation work
With trembling and with fear.

2 God will support our hearts
With night before unknown ;
The work to be perform'd is ours,
The strength is all his own.

3 'Tis he that works to will,
'Tis he that works to do ;
His is the power by which we act,
His be the glory too.

HYMN 211. (III. 1.)

Eph. v. 14—17.

SINNER! rouse thee from thy sleep,
Wake, and o'er thy folly weep ;
Raise thy spirit dark and dead,
Jesus waits his light to shed.

2 Wake from sleep, arise from death,
See the bright and living path :
Watchful tread that path : be wise,
Leave thy folly, seek the skies.

3 Leave thy folly, cease from crime ;
From this hour redeem thy time ;
Life secure without delay,
Evil is the mortal day.

4 Be not blind and foolish still,
Call'd of Jesus, learn his will :
Jesus calls from death and night,
Jesus waits to shed his light.

HYMN 212. (C. M.)

Heb. xii. 1, 2.

LO! what a cloud of witnesses
Encompass us around ;

Men once like us with suffering tried,
But now with glory crown'd :

2 Let us with zeal like theirs inspired,
Strive in the Christian race ;
And, freed for every weight of sin,
Their holy footsteps trace.

3 Behold a witness nobler still,
Who trod affliction's path,
Jesus, the author, finisher,
Rewarder of our faith :

4 He, for the joy before him set,
And moved by pitying love,
Endured the cross, despised the shame,
And now he reigns above.

5 Thither, forgetting things behind,
Press we to God's right hand ;
There, with the Saviour and his saints,
Triumphantly to stand.

ADDITIONAL SELECTION.

I. COMMENCEMENT OF WORSHIP.

HYMN 213. (L. M.)

COMMAND thy blessing from above,
O God! on all assembled here ;
Behold us with a father's love,
While we look up with filial fear.

2 Command thy blessing, Jesus, Lord,
May we thy true disciples be ;
Speak to each heart the mighty word ;
Say to the weakest—"FOLLOW ME."

3 Command thy blessing in this hour,
Spirit of Truth, and fill this place
With humbling and exalting power,
With quick'ning and confirming
grace.

4 O thou, our Maker, Saviour, Guide !
One true, eternal God confess'd,
May nought in life or death divide
The saints in thy communion bless'd.

BICKERSTETH.

HYMN 214. (L. M.)

NOW to the Lord a noble song !
Awake my soul, awake my tongue,
Hosanna to the Eternal Name,
And all his boundless love proclaim.

2 See where it shines in Jesus' face,
The brightest image of his grace ;
God, in the person of his Son,
Hath all his mightiest works outdone.

3 The spacious earth and spreading
flood
Proclaim the wise and powerful God ;
And thy rich glories from afar
Sparkle in every rolling star.

4 Grace! 'tis a sweet, a charming
theme ;

My thoughts rejoice at Jesus' name !
Ye angels, dwell upon the sound !
Ye heavens, reflect it to the ground !

5 O may I live to reach the place
Where he unveils his lovely face !
Where all his beauties you behold,
And sing his name to harps of gold !

HYMN 215. (C. M.)

FATHER, how wide thy glory
shines !

How high thy wonders rise !
Known through the earth by thousand
signs,

By thousands through the skies :
Those mighty orbs proclaim thy power ;
Their motions speak thy skill ;
And on the wings of every hour
We read thy patience still.

2 Part of thy name divinely stands
On all thy creatures writ ;
They show the labour of thy hands,
Or impress of thy feet ;
But when we view thy strange design
To save rebellious worms,
Where vengeance and compassion join
In their divinest forms :

3 Here the whole Deity is known,
Nor dares a creature guess
Which of the glories brightest shone,
The justice or the grace :
Now the full glories of the Lamb
Adorn the heavenly plains ;
Bright seraphs learn Immanuel's name,
And try their choicest strains.

4 O may I bear some humble part
In that immortal song!
Wonder and joy shall tune my heart
And love command my tongue.
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Who sweetly all agree
To save a world of sinners lost,
Eternal glory be.

HYMN 216. (C. M.)

IN all my vast concerns with thee,
In vain my soul would try
To shun thy presence, Lord, or flee
The notice of thine eye.

2 Thy all-surrounding sight surveys
My rising and my rest,
My public walks, my private ways,
And secrets of my breast.

3 My thoughts lie open to the Lord
Before they're form'd within;
And ere my lips pronounce the word,
He knows the sense I mean.

4 O wondrous knowledge, deep and high!
Where can a creature hide?
Within thy circling arms I lie,
Beset on every side.

HYMN 217. (C. M.)

HAIL! holy, holy, holy Lord!
Whom One in three we know;
By all thy heavenly host adored,
By all thy church below.

2 One undivided Trinity,
With triumph we proclaim;
Thy universe is full of thee,
And speaks thy glorious name.

3 Thee, holy Father, we confess;
Thee, holy Son, adore:
Thee, Spirit of Truth and Holiness,
We worship ever more.

4 The incommunicable right,
Almighty God, receive!
Which angel-choirs, and saints in light,
And saints embodied give.

5 Three persons, equally divine,
We magnify and love:
And both the choirs ere long shall join
To sing thy praise above.

6 Hail! holy, holy, holy Lord,
(Our heavenly song shall be.)
Supreme, essential One, adored
In co-eternal Three.

HYMN 218. (C. M.)

OFOR a thousand tongues, to sing
My great Redeemer's praise!
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace!

2 My gracious Master, and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,

To spread through all the earth abroad,
The honours of thy name.

3 Jesus!—the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinners ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of reigning sin,
He sets the pris'ner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood avail'd for me.

HYMN 219. (L. M.)

JESUS, where'er thy people meet,
There they behold thy mercy-seat;
Where'er they seek thee, thou art found;

And every place is hallow'd ground.

2 Dear Shepherd of thy chosen few,
Thy former mercies here renew;
Here to our waiting hearts proclaim
The sweetness of thy saving name.

3 Here may we prove the power of prayer,
To strengthen faith and banish care;
To teach our faint desires to rise
To things unseen beyond the skies.

4 Lord, we are few, but thou art near;
Nor short thine arm, nor deaf thine ear;

O, rend the heavens this favour'd hour,
Let us now feel thy saving power.

HYMN 220. (C. M.)

BEGIN, my tongue, the heavenly strain;

Awake, my heart, and sing,
The gracious work and saving name
Of our eternal King.

2 Tell of his wondrous faithfulness,
And sound his power abroad;
Sing the sweet promise of his grace,
And the performing God.

3 Proclaim salvation from the Lord
To wretched, dying men;
His hand has writ the sacred word
With an immortal pen.

4 Engraved as in eternal brass,
The mighty promise shines:
Nor can the powers of darkness raze
Those everlasting lines.

5 Yes, ev'ry word of grace is strong
As that which built the skies;
The voice that rolls the stars along,
Speaks all the promises.

6 Jesus, unchangeable, the same,
My confidence, my boast;
Thou wilt not put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.

II. BEFORE LECTURE OR EXPOSITION OF SCRIPTURE.

HYMN 221. (C. M.)

- C**OME, Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire,
Let us thy influence prove;
Source of the old prophetic fire,
Fountain of life and love.
- 2 Come, Holy Ghost, for, moved by thee,
The prophets wrote and spoke;
Unlock the truth, thyself the key,
Unseal the sacred book.
- 3 Expand thy wings, celestial Dove,
Brood o'er our nature's night;
On our disordered spirits move,
And let there now be light.
- 4 God, through himself, we then shall know,
If thou within us shine;
And sound, with all thy saints below,
The depths of love divine.

HYMN 222. (H. 4.)

- B**LLOW ye the trumpet, blow;
The gladly solemn sound
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home!
- 2 Exalt the Lamb of God;
The sin-atonement Lamb;
Redemption by his blood
Through all the world proclaim:
The year, &c.
- 3 Ye who have sold for nought
Your heritage above,
Come, take it back unbought;
The gift of Jesus' love:
The year, &c.
- 4 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive;
And safe in Jesus dwell;
And blest in Jesus live:
The year, &c.
- 5 The gospel trumpet hear;
The news of pard'ning grace;
Ye happy souls draw near;
Behold your Saviour's face:
The year, &c.

- 6 Jesus, our great high priest,
Has full atonement made;
Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mourning souls be glad:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

TOPLADY.

HYMN 223. (L. M.)

- H**O! every one that thirsts, draw nigh,
'Tis God invites the fallen race;

- Mercy and free salvation buy.
Buy wine, and milk, and gospel grace.
- 2 Ye nothing in exchange can give;
Leave all ye have and are behind;
Freely the gift of God receive;
Pardon and peace in Jesus find.
- 3 Come to the living waters, come!
Sinners, obey your Maker's voice;
Return, ye weary wanderers, home,
And in redeeming love rejoice.

HYMN 224. (C. M.)

- L**O, what a glorious sight appears
To our believing eyes!
The earth and seas are pass'd away,
And the old rolling skies:
- 2 From the third heaven, where God resides,
That holy, happy place,
The new Jerusalem comes down,
Adorn'd with shining grace.
- 3 Attending angels shout for joy,
And the bright armies sing;
"Mortals behold the sacred seat
Of your descending King!"
- 4 "The God of glory down to men
Removes his blest above:
Men, the dear object of his love,
And he their gracious God.
- 5 "His own blest hand shall wipe the tears
From every weeping eye;
And pains, and groans, and griefs, and fears,
And death itself shall die."
- 6 How long, dear Saviour, O how long
Shall this bright hour delay?
Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time,
And bring the welcome day.

HYMN 225. (C. M.)

- K**EEP silence, all created things,
And wait your Maker's nod;
My soul stands trembling, while she sings
The honours of her God.
- 2 Life, death, and hell, and worlds unknown,
Hang on his firm decree;
He sits on no precarious throne,
Nor borrows leave—to be.
- 3 Chain'd to his throne a volume lies,
With all the fates of men,
With ev'ry angel's form and size
Drawn by th' eternal pen.
- 4 His providence unfolds the book,
And makes his counsels shine;
Each op'ning leaf, and ev'ry stroke,
Fulfils some deep design.

5 Here, he exalts neglected worms
To sceptres and a crown ;
And there, the following page he turns,
And treads the monarch down.

6 Not Gabriel asks the reason why,
Nor God the reason gives ;
Nor dares the fav'rite angel pry
Between the folded leaves.

7 In thy fair book of life and grace,
O, may I find my name,
Recorded in some humble place,
Beneath my Lord—the Lamb.

HYMN 226. (L. M.)

BROAD is the road that leads to
death,
And thousands walk together there ;
But wisdom shows a narrow path,
With here and there a traveller.

2 "Deny thyself, and take thy cross,"
Is the Redeemer's great command ;
Nature must count her gold but dross,
If she would gain this heavenly land.

3 The fearful soul that tires and faints,
And walks the ways of God no more,
Is but esteem'd almost a saint,
And makes his own destruction sure.

4 Lord, let not all my hopes be vain ;
Create my heart entirely new ;
Which hypocrites could ne'er attain,
Which false apostates never knew.

HYMN 227. (L. M.)

MY song shall bless the Lord of all,
My praise shall climb to his abode ;
Thee, Saviour, by that name I call,
The great Supreme, the mighty God.

2 Without beginning or decline,
Object of faith, and not of sense ;
Eternal ages saw him shine,
He shines eternal ages hence.

3 As much as when in the manger laid,
Almighty Ruler of the sky,
As when the six days' work he made
Fill'd all the morning stars with joy.

4 Of all the crowns Jehovah bears,
Salvation is his dearest claim ;
That gracious sound well pleased he
hears,
And owns Immanuel for his name.

5 A cheerful confidence I feel,
My well-placed hopes with joy I see,
My bosom glows with heavenly zeal
To worship him who died for me.

HYMN 228. (C. M.)

BEING of beings, God of love,
To thee our hearts we raise ;
Thy all-sustaining power we prove,
And gladly sing thy praise.

2 Thine, wholly thine, we pant to be,
Our sacrifice receive ;

Made, and preserved, and saved by
thee,
To thee ourselves we give.

3 Heav'nward our every wish aspires,
For all thy mercy's store ;
The sole return thy love requires,
Is that we ask for more.

4 For more we ask ; we open then
Our hearts t' embrace thy will ;
Turn, and beget us, Lord, again ;
With all thy fulness fill.

5 Come, Holy Ghost, the Saviour's
love
Shed in our hearts abroad ;
So shall we ever live and move,
And be with Christ in God.

III. INFLUENCE OF THE SPIRIT.

HYMN 229. (S. M.)

COME, Holy Spirit, come,
With energy divine,
And on this poor benighted soul
With beams of mercy shine.

2 From the celestial hills
Life, light, and joy dispense,
And may I daily, hourly feel
Thy quick'ning influence.

3 Melt, melt this frozen heart,
This stubborn will subdue ;
Each evil passion overcome,
And form me all anew.

4 Mine will the blessing be ;
But thine shall be the praise ;
And unto thee will I devote
The remnant of my days.

HYMN 230. (III. 5.)

SAVIOUR, visit thy plantation,
Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain !
All will come to desolation,
Unless thou return again :

Keep no longer at a distance,
Shine upon us from on high ;
Lest for want of thine assistance,
Ev'ry plant should droop and die.

2 Surely once thy garden flourish'd,
Ev'ry part look'd gay and green ;
Then thy word our spirits nourish'd,
Happy seasons we have seen !

But a drought has since succeeded,
And a sad decline we see ;
Lord, thy help is greatly needed—
Help can only come from thee.

3 Where are those we counted leaders,
Fill'd with zeal, and love, and truth ?
Old professors, tall as cedars,
Bright examples of our youth ?
Some in whom we once delighted,
We shall meet no more below ;
Some, alas ! we fear are blighted,
Scarce a single leaf they show.

4 Let our mutual love be fervent,
 Make us prevalent in prayers ;
 Let each one esteem'd thy servant
 Shun the world's bewitching snares ;
 Break the tempter's fatal power,
 Turn the stony heart to flesh ;
 And begin from this good hour,
 To revive thy work afresh.

HYMN 231. (C. M.)

COME, Holy Ghost, my soul inspire—
 This one great gift impart—
 What most I need, and most desire,
 An humble, holy heart.

2 Bear witness that I'm born again,
 My many sins forgiven :
 Nor let a gloomy doubt remain
 To cloud my hope of heaven.

3 More of myself grant I may know,
 From sin's deceit be free,
 In all the Christian graces grow,
 And live alone to thee.

HYMN 232. (II. 3.)

Prayer for Assurance.

COME, Holy Ghost, my soul inspire,
 Bear witness that I'm born again ;
 Come and baptize me, Lord, with fire,
 Nor let a cloud of doubt remain.
 Give me the sense of sins forgiven,
 Sweet foretaste of approaching heaven.

2 O give me now a gracious seal,
 That ascertains the kingdom mine ;
 True holiness I long to feel,
 The signature of love divine ;
 O shed it in my heart abroad,
 Fulness of love, of heaven, of God.

HYMN 233. (III. 3.)

LOVE Divine, all love excelling,
 Joy of heaven, to earth come down ;
 Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
 All thy faithful mercies crown.
 Jesus, thou art all compassion,
 Pure, unbounded love thou art ;
 Visit us with thy salvation,
 Enter every longing heart.

2 Breathe, O breathe thy loving spirit
 Into every troubled breast !
 Let us all in thee inherit,
 Let us find thy promised rest.
 Thee we would be always blessing,
 Serve thee as thine hosts above ;
 Pray, and praise thee without ceasing,
 Glory in thy boundless love.

3 Finish, then, thy new creation,
 Pure, unspotted, may we be ;
 Let us see our whole salvation
 Perfectly secured in thee.
 Change from glory into glory,
 Till in heaven we take our place ;
 Till we cast our crowns before thee,
 Lost in wonder, love and praise.

WHITEFIELD.

HYMN 234. (L. M.)

COME, Holy Spirit, calm my mind,
 And fit me to approach my God ;
 Remove each vain, each worldly
 thought,
 And lead me to thy blest abode.

2 Hast thou imparted to my soul
 A living spark of holy fire ?
 O kindle now the sacred flame,
 Make me to burn with pure desire.

3 A brighter faith and hope impart,
 And let me now my Saviour see :
 O soothe and cheer each burden'd
 heart,
 And bid my spirit rest in thee.

HYMN 235.

Revival.

OUR souls, by love together knit,
 Cemented, join'd in one,
 One hope, one heart, one mind, one
 voice ;
 'Tis heaven on earth begun :
 Our hearts have often burn'd within,
 And glow'd with sacred fire,
 While Jesus spoke, and fed, and
 bless'd,
 And fill'd th' enlarged desire.

Chorus.

"A Saviour!" let creation sing,
 "A Saviour!" let all heaven ring ;
 'Tis God with us, we feel him ours,
 His fulness in our souls he pours :
 'Tis almost done, 'tis almost o'er ;
 We're joining those who've gone
 before ;
 We soon shall reach the blissful shore
 Where we shall meet to part no more.

2 The little cloud increases still,
 The heavens are big with rain :
 We wait to catch the teeming shower,
 And all its moisture drain :
 A rill, a stream, a torrent flows,
 But pour a mighty flood ;
 O sweep the nations, shake the earth,
 Till all proclaim thee God.

Chorus. "A Saviour!" &c.

3 And when thou mak'st thy jewels up,
 And sett'st thy starry crown,
 When all thy sparkling gems shall
 shine,
 Proclaim'd by thee thine own ;
 May we, a little band of love,
 We sinners, saved by grace,
 From glory unto glory changed,
 Behold thee face to face.

Chorus. "A Saviour!" &c.

IV. AWAKENING AND INVITING.

HYMN 236. (L. M.)

O TIME, how few thy value weigh,
 How few will estimate a day !

Days, months, and years are rolling on,
The soul neglected and undone.

2 In painful cares, or empty joys,
Our life its precious hours destroys;
Whilst death stands watching at our
side,

Eager to stop the living tide.

3 Was it for this, ye mortal race,
Your Maker gave you here a place?
Was it for this his thoughts design'd
The frame of your immortal mind?

4 For nobler cares, for joys sublime,
He fashion'd all the sons of time;
Pilgrims on earth, but soon to be
The heirs of immortality.

HYMN 237. (C. M.)

AH! who can speak the vast dismay
That fills the sinner's mind,
When, torn by death's strong hand
away,
He leaves his all behind!

2 Worldlings who cleave to earthly
things,
But are not rich to God,
Will feel that death is full of stings,
And hell a dark abode.

3 How blinded mortals fondly scheme
For happiness below,
Till death destroys the pleasing dream,
And they awake to woe.

4 O Saviour, make us timely wise,
Thy gospel to attend;
That we may live above the skies,
When time and life shall end.

NEWTON.

HYMN 238. (L. M.)

LIFE is the hour that God hath
given
To 'scape from hell, and fly to heaven;
The day of grace; and mortals may
Secure the blessings of the day.

2 Then what my thoughts design to do,
My hands, with all your might pursue;
Since no device nor work is found,
Nor faith, nor hope, beneath the
ground.

3 There are no acts of pardon pass'd
In the cold grave to which we haste;
But darkness, death, and long despair,
Reign in eternal silence there.

HYMN 239. (II. 1.)

AWAKED by Sinai's awful sound,
My soul in guilt and thrall I found,
And knew not where to go;
Eternal truth did loud proclaim
The sinner must be born again,
Or sink in endless woe.

2 Amazed I stood, but could not tell
Which way to shun the gates of hell,

For death and hell drew near.
I strove, indeed, but strove in vain;
The sinner must be born again,
Still sounded in mine ear.

3 When to the law I trembling fled,
It pour'd its curses on my head,
A vast, oppressive load.

Alas! I read and saw it plain,
The sinner must be born again,
Or feel the wrath of God!

4 The saints I heard with rapture tell
How Jesus conquer'd death and hell,
And broke the fowler's snare;
Yet when I found this truth remain,
The sinner must be born again,
I sunk in deep despair.

5 But while I thus in anguish lay,
Jesus of Nazareth pass'd that way,
And felt his pity move—
The sinner, by his justice slain,
Now, by his grace, is born again,
And sings redeeming love.

HYMN 240. (L. M.)

SAY, sinner, hath a voice within
Oft whisper'd to thy secret soul,
Urged thee to leave the ways of sin,
And yield thy heart to God's control?

2 Sinner, it was a heavenly voice,
It was the Spirit's gracious call,
It bade thee make the better choice,
And haste to seek in Christ thine all.

3 Spurn not the call to life and light;
Regard in time the warning kind,
That call thou mayst not always slight,
And yet the gate of mercy find.

4 God's Spirit will not always strive
With harden'd, self-destroying men;
Ye, who persist his love to grieve,
May never hear his voice again.

5 Sinner, perhaps this very day
Thy last accepted time may be;
O, shouldst thou grieve him now
away,
Then hope may never beam on thee.

HYMN 241. (II. 4.)

YE dying sons of men,
Immerged in sin and woe,
The gospel's voice attend,
Which Jesus sends to you:
Ye perishing and guilty, come,
In Jesus' arms there yet is room.

2 No longer now delay,
No vain excuses frame;
He bids you come to-day,
Though poor, and blind, and lame;
All things are ready, sinners, come!
For every trembling soul there's room.

3 Compell'd by bleeding love,
Ye wand'ring souls draw near;

Christ calls you from above—
His charming accents hear!
Let whosoever will now come;
In mercy's arms there still is room.

HYMN 242. (III. 5.)

COME, ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore,
Jesus, ready, stands to save you,
Full of pity, love, and power;

He is able,

He is willing, doubt no more.

2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome,
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance,
Ev'ry grace that brings you nigh:

Without money,

Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

3 Let not conscience make you linger;
Nor of fitness fondly dream:
All the fitness he requireth,
Is to feel your need of him;

This he gives you:

'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
Lost and ruin'd by the fall,
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all;

Not the righteous,

Sinners Jesus came to call.

5 Agonizing in the garden,
Lo! your Maker prostrate lies!
On the bloody tree behold him!
Hear him cry, before he dies,

"It is finish'd!"

Sinners, will not this suffice?

6 Lo! th' incarnate God ascending,
Pleads the merits of his blood;
Venture on him, venture freely;
Let no other trust intrude:

None but Jesus

Can do helpless sinners good.

7 Saints and angels, join'd in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb,
While the blissful courts of heaven
Sweetly echo with his name:

Hallelujah!

Sinners here may do the same.

HYMN 243. (S. M.)

AND can I yet delay
My little all to give?
To tear my soul from earth away,
For Jesus to receive?

2 Nay, but I yield, I yield!
I can hold out no more:
I sink, by dying love compell'd,
And own thee conqueror!

3 Though late, I all forsake,
My friends, my all resign:
Gracious Redeemer, take, O, take,
And seal me ever thine!

4 Come, and possess me whole,
Nor hence again remove:
Settle and fix my wav'ring soul,
With all thy weight of love.

5 My one desire be this,
Thy only love to know,
To seek and taste no other bliss,
No other good below.

HYMN 244. (II. 4.)

ARISE, my soul, arise,
Shake off thy guilty fears,
The bleeding sacrifice
In my behalf appears:
Before the throne my surety stands,
My name is written on his hands.

2 He ever lives above,
For me to intercede;
His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood, to plead;
His blood atoned for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

3 Five bleeding wounds he bears,
Received on Calvary,
They pour effectual prayers,
They strongly plead for me.
Forgive him, O, forgive, they cry,
Nor let that ransomed sinner die!

4 The Father hears him pray,
His dear anointed one,
He cannot turn away,
The presence of his Son,
His Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me, I am born of God.

5 My God is reconciled,
His pard'ning voice I hear,
He owns me for his child,
I can no longer fear;
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And Father, Abba, Father, cry.

HYMN 245. (II. 1.)

THOU God of glorious majesty,
To thee, against myself, to thee,
A worm of earth I cry;
A half-awaken'd child of man,
An heir of endless bliss or pain,
A sinner born to die.

2 Lo! on a narrow neck of land,
'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand;
Yet, how insensible.
A point of time, a moment's space,
Removes me to yon heavenly place,
Or shuts me up in hell.

3 O God, my inmost soul convert,
And deeply on my thoughtless heart
Eternal things impress,
Give me to feel their solemn weight,
And save me e'er it be too late,
Awake to righteousness.

4 Before me place in bright array
The pomp of that tremendous day,

When thou with clouds shalt come
To judge the nations at thy bar ;
And tell, me Lord, shall I be there
To meet a joyful doom.

5 Be this my one great business here,
With holy trembling, holy fear,
To make my calling sure ;
Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,
And suffer all thy righteous will,
And to the end endure.

6 Then, Saviour, then my soul receive,
Transported from this vale, to live
And reign with thee above,
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
And hope in full supreme delight,
And everlasting love.

HYMN 246. (C. M.)

SINNERS, the voice of God regard,
His mercy speaks to-day,
He calls you by his sovereign word,
From sin's destructive way.

2 Like the rough sea that cannot rest,
You live devoid of peace ;
A thousand stings within your breast
Deprive your souls of ease.

4 Your way is dark, and leads to hell ;
Why will you persevere ?
Can you in endless torments dwell,
Shut up in black despair ?

4 Why will you in the crooked ways
Of sin and folly go ?
In pain you travel all your days,
To reap eternal wo !

HYMN 247. (III. 1.)

SINNER, art thou still secure ?
Wilt thou still refuse to pray ?
Can thy heart or hands endure
In the Lord's avenging day ?

2 See, his mighty arm is bared !
Awful terrors clothe his brow !
For his judgment stand prepared,
Thou must either break or bow.

3 At his presence nature shakes,
Earth, affrighted, hastes to flee ;
Solid mountains melt like wax,
What will then become of thee ?

4 Who his advent may abide ?
You, that glory in your shame ?
Will you find a place to hide
When the world is wrapt in flame ?

5 Lord prepare us by thy grace !
Soon we must resign our breath,
And our souls be called to pass
Through the iron gate of death.

6 Let us now our day improve,
Listen to the gospel voice,
Seek the things that are above,
Scorn the world's pretended joys.

NEWTON.

HYMN 248. (C. M.)

VAIN man, thy fond pursuits forbear,
Repent ! thy end is nigh ;
Death, at the farthest, can't be far—
O, think before thou die !

2 Reflect, thou hast a soul to save :
Thy sins, how high they mount !
What are thy hopes beyond the grave ?
How stands that dread account ?

3 Death enters, and there's no defence,
His time there's none can tell ;
He'll in a moment call thee hence,
To heaven—or to hell !

4 Thy flesh, perhaps thy chiefest care,
Shall crawling worms consume :
But, ah ! destruction stops not there—
Sin kills beyond the tomb.

5 To-day the gospel calls, to-day,
Sinners, it speaks to you ;
Let every one forsake his way,
And mercy will ensue.

HYMN 249. (L. M.)

WHILE life prolongs its precious
light,
Mercy is found and peace is given,
But soon, ah, soon ! approaching night
Shall blot out ev'ry hope of heaven.

2 While God invites, how bless'd the
day !
How sweet the gospel's charming
sound !

Come, sinners, haste, O, haste away,
While yet a pard'ning God is found.

3 Soon, borne on time's most rapid
wing,
Shall death command you to the
grave ;

Before his bar your spirits bring,
And none be found to hear or save.

4 In that lone land of deep despair,
No Sabbath's heavenly light shall
rise,

No God regard your bitter prayer,
Nor Saviour call you to the skies.

HYMN 250. (III. 5.)

SINNERS, will you scorn the mes-
sage,
Sent, in mercy, from above ?
Every sentence, O, how tender !
Every line is full of love ;

Listen to it :
Every line is full of love.

2 Hear the heralds of the gospel,
News from Zion's King proclaim
To each rebel sinner, Pardon,
Free forgiveness in his name ?
How important !

Free forgiveness in his name.

3 Tempted souls, they bring you succour,

Fearful hearts, they quell your fears,
And with news of consolation,
Chase away the falling tears :
Tender heralds,
Chase away the falling tears.

4 Who hath our report believed ?
Who received the joyful word ?
Who embraced the news of pardon,
Offer'd to you by the Lord ?
Can you slight it,
Offer'd to you by the Lord ?

5 O, ye angels, hovering round us,
Waiting spirits, speed your way,
Hasten to the court of heaven,
Tidings bear without delay :
Rebel sinners,
Glad the message will obey.

HYMN 251. (C. M.)

THERE is a fountain fill'd with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day,
And there may I, tho' vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

3 Dear, dying lamb, thy precious blood,
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransom'd church of God
Are saved, to sin no more.

4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save,
When this poor lispings, stammering
tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

COWPER.

HYMN 252. (L. M.)

The Young Invited.

TO-DAY, if ye will hear his voice,
Now is the time to make your
choice ;
Say, will you to Mount Zion go ?
Say, will you have this Christ or no ?

2 Ye wand'ring souls, who find no rest,
Say, will you be forever bless'd ?
Will you be saved from sin and hell ?
Will you with Christ in glory dwell ?

3 Come now, dear youth, for ruin
bound,
Obey the gospel's joyful sound ;
Come, go with us, and you shall prove
The joy of Christ's redeeming love.

4 Once more we ask you in his name—
For yet his love remains the same—
Say, will you to Mount Zion go ?
Say, will you have this Christ or no ?

5 Leave all your sports and glittering
toys,
Come, share with us eternal joys ;
Or must we leave you bound to hell ?
Then dear young friends, a long fare-
well.

HYMN 253. (III. I.)

SOVEREIGN grace hath power alone
To subdue a heart of stone ;
And the moment grace is felt,
Then the hardest heart will melt.

2 When the Lord was crucified,
Two transgressors with him died ;
One, with vile blaspheming tongue,
Scoff'd at Jesus as he hung.

3 Thus he spent his wicked breath,
In the very jaws of death ;
Perish'd, as too many do,
With a Saviour in his view.

4 But the other, touch'd with grace,
Saw the danger of his case ;
Faith received to own his Lord,
Whom the scribes and priests abhorr'd.

5 "Lord," he cries, "remember me,
When in glory thou shalt be :"
"Soon with me," the Lord replies,
"Thou shalt rest in Paradise."

6 This was wondrous grace indeed ;
Grace bestow'd in time of need !
Sinners, trust in Jesus' name ;
You will find him still the same.

NEWTON.

HYMN 254.

CHILD of sin and sorrow,
Fill'd with dismay,
Wait not for to-morrow,
Yield thee to-day ;
Heav'n bids thee come,
While yet there's room ;
Child of sin and sorrow,
Hear and obey.

2 Child of sin and sorrow,
Why wilt thou die ?
Come, while thou canst borrow
Help from on high :
Grieve not that love,
Which from above,
Child of sin and sorrow,
Would bring thee nigh.

HYMN 255. (III. I.)

COME, ye weary souls, oppress'd,
Find in Christ the promised rest ;
On him all your burdens roll,
He can wound, and he make whole.

2 Ye who dread the wrath of God,
Come and wash in Jesus' blood ;

To the Son of David cry,
In his word he's passing by.

3 Naked, guilty, poor, and blind,
All your wants in Jesus find;
This the day of mercy is,
Now accept the proffer'd bliss.

HYMN 256. (IV. 4.)

O TURN ye, O turn ye, for why will
you die,
When God in great mercy is coming so
nigh?

Lo, Jesus invites you, the Spirit says,
Come,
And angels are waiting to welcome
you home.

2 How vain the delusion, that while
you delay,
Your hearts will grow better by staying
away!

Come wretched, come starving, come
just as you be,
While streams of salvation are flowing
so free.

3 That Christ is now ready your souls
to receive,

O how can you question, if you will
believe?

If sin is your burden, why will you
delay?

'Tis you he bids welcome; he bids you
to-day.

4 In riches, or pleasures, what can you
obtain,

To soothe your afflictions, or banish
your pain?

To bear up your spirit when summon'd
to die,

Or waft you to mansions of glory on
high?

5 Why will you be starving and feed-
ing on air?

There's mercy in Jesus, enough and to
spare;

If still you are doubting, make trial
and see,

And prove that his mercy is boundless
and free.

6 Come, give us your hand, and the
Saviour your heart,

And trusting in Jesus, we never shall
part:

O how can we leave you! why will
you not come?

We'll journey together, and soon be
at home.

HYMN 257. (C. M.)

COME, trembling sinner, in whose
breast

A thousand thoughts revolve;

Come, with your guilt and fear op-
press'd,

And make this last resolve:

2 "I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
Hath like a mountain rose;
I know his courts, I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.

3 "Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,
And there my guilt confess;
I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone
Without his sovereign grace.

4 "I'll to the gracious King approach,
Whose sceptre pardon gives;
Perhaps he may command my touch,
And then the suppliant lives.

5 "Perhaps he will admit my plea,
Perhaps will hear my prayer;
But if I perish, I will pray,
And perish only there.

6 "I can but perish if I go,
I am resolved to try;
For if I stay away, I know
I must for ever die."

HYMN 258. (C. M.)

ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed?
And did my Sovereign die?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

2 Was it for crimes that I had done
He groan'd upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide
And shut his glories in,
When God the mighty Maker died,
For man the creature's sin.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face
While his dear cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes in tears.

5 But floods of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe:
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do.

HYMN 259. (S. M.)

Submission.

AH! whither should I go,
Burden'd, and sick, and faint;
To whom should I my troubles show,
And pour out my complaint?

2 My Saviour bids me come;
Ah! why do I delay?

He calls the weary sinner home,
And yet from him I stay.

3 What is it keeps me back,
From which I cannot part?
Which will not let the Saviour take
Possession of my heart?

4 Jesus! the hind'rance show,
Which I have fear'd to see;
And let me now consent to know
What keeps me back from thee.

5 Searcher of hearts, in mine
Thy saving power display;
Into its darkest corner shine,
And take the veil away.

HYMN 260. (C. M.)

Yielding.

HOW sad our state by nature is!
Our sin, how deep its stains!
And Satan binds our captive souls
Fast in his slavish chains.

2 But there's a voice of sovereign grace
Sounds from the sacred word:
Ho! ye despairing sinners, come,
And trust a faithful Lord.

3 My soul obeys the gracious call,
And runs to this relief:
I would believe thy promise, Lord!
O help my unbelief.

4 To the bless'd fountain of thy blood,
Incarnate God, I fly;
Here let me wash my spotted soul
From crimes of deepest dye.

5 A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
Into thy arms I fall;
Be thou my strength and righteousness,
My Saviour, and my all.

HYMN 261. (III. 5.)

The Surrender.

WELCOME, welcome, dear Redeemer,
Welcome to this heart of mine:
Lord, I make a full surrender;
Every power and thought be thine,
Thine entirely,
Through eternal ages thine.

2 Known to all shall be thy mansion,
Earth and hell will disappear;
Or in vain attempt possession,
When they find the Lord is near:
Shout, O Zion!
Shout, ye saints, the Lord is here!

V. PRAYER.

HYMN 262. (S. M.)

THE praying spirit breathe,
The watching power impart;
From all entanglements beneath,
Call off my peaceful heart;

2 My feeble mind sustain,
By worldly thoughts oppress'd;
Appear, and bid me turn again
To my eternal rest.

3 Swift to my rescue come,
Thine own this moment seize;
Gather my wand'ring spirit home,
And keep in perfect peace.

4 Suffer'd no more to rove
O'er all the earth abroad,
Arrest the pris'ner of thy love,
And shut me up in God.

HYMN 263. (C. M.)

LORD, teach us how to pray aright,
With rev'rence and with fear;
Though dust and ashes in thy sight,
We may, we must draw near:
We perish if we cease from prayer,
O grant us power to pray;
And, when to meet thee we prepare,
Lord, meet us by the way.

2 Burthen'd with guilt, convinced of sin,

In weakness, want, and woe,
Fightings without, and fear within,
Lord, whither shall we go?

God of all grace, we come to thee,
For broken, contrite hearts:
Give what thine eye delights to see,
Truth in the inward parts.

3 Give deep humility,—the sense
Of godly sorrow give,—
A strong desiring confidence
To see thy face and live;
Faith in the only sacrifice

That can for sin atone,
To cast our hopes, to fix our eyes,
On Christ—on Christ alone;

4 Patience to watch, and wait, and weep,

Though mercy long delay,—
Courage, our fainting souls to keep,
And trust thee, though thou stay:
Give these, and then thy will be done;
Thus strengthen'd with all might,
We, by thy Spirit through thy Son,
Shall pray, and pray aright.

HYMN 264. (L. M.)

PRAYER was appointed to convey
The blessings God designs to give:
Long as they live should Christians pray,

For only while they pray they live.

2 If pains afflict, or wrongs oppress,
If cares distract, or fears dismay,
If guilt deject, or sins distress,
The remedy's before thee—pray.

3 'Tis prayer supports the soul that's weak;
Though thought be broken, language lame,

Pray, if thou canst or canst not speak,
But pray with faith in Jesus' name.

HYMN 265. (III. 1.)

COME, my soul, thy suit prepare,
Jesus loves to answer prayer;
He himself has bid thee pray,
Rise and ask without delay.

2 Thou art coming to a King,
Large petitions with thee bring,
For his grace and power are such,
None can ever ask too much.

- 3 With my burden I begin,
Lord, remove this load of sin ;
Let thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.
- 4 Lord, I come to thee for rest,
Take possession of my breast ;
There, thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.
- 5 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let thy love my spirit cheer ;
As my guide, my guard, my friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.
- 6 Show me what I have to do,
Every hour my strength renew ;
Let me live a life of faith,
Let me die thy people's death.

NEWTON.

HYMN 266. (S. M.)

BEHOOLD the throne of grace !
The promise calls me near ;
There Jesus shows a gracious face,
And waits to answer prayer.

- 2 That rich, atoning blood,
Which sprinkled round I see,
Provides for those who come to God,
An all-prevailing plea.
- 3 My soul, ask what thou wilt,
Thou canst not be too bold ;
Since his own blood for thee he spilt,
What else can he withhold ?

HYMN 267. (S. M.)

The Lord's Prayer.

- O**UR Heavenly Father, hear
The prayer we offer now,
Thy name be hallow'd far and near,
To thee all nations bow.
- 2 Thy kingdom come, thy will
On earth be done in love.
As saints and seraphim fulfil
Thy perfect law above.
- 3 Our daily bread supply,
While by thy word we live ;
The guilt of our iniquity,
Forgive as we forgive.
- 4 From dark temptation's power,
From Satan's wiles defend,
Deliver in this evil hour,
And guide us to the end.
- 5 Thine then for ever be
Glory and power divine ;
The sceptre, throne, and majesty
Of heaven and earth are thine.

HYMN 268. (L. M.)

WHAT various hindrances we meet
In coming to a mercy seat !
Yet, who that knows the worth of
prayer,
But wishes to be often there.

2 Prayer makes the darkened cloud
withdraw,
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw ;
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings every blessing from above.

3 Restraining prayer, we cease to
fight—
Prayer makes the Christian's armour
bright ;
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.

4 Have you no words ? Ah, think
again !
Words flow apace when you complain,
And fill your fellow creature's ear
With the sad tale of all your care.

5 Were half the breath thus vainly
spent,
To heaven in supplication sent,
Your cheerful song would oft'ner be,
"Hear what the Lord hath done for
me."

COWPER.

HYMN 269. (III, 5.)

JESUS, full of all compassion,
Hear thy humble supplicants cry ;
Let me know thy great salvation,
See, I languish, faint, and die.

- 2 Guilty, but with heart relenting.
Overwhelm'd with helpless grief,
Prostrate at thy feet repenting,
Send, O send me quick relief !
- 3 Whither should a wretch be flying,
But to him who comfort gives ?
Whither, from the dead or dying,
But to him who ever lives ?

4 **S**AVED—the deed shall spread new
glory
Through the shining realms above ;
Angels sing the pleasing story,
All enraptured with thy love.

HYMN 270. (L. M.)

SHOW pity, Lord ; O Lord, forgive ;
Let a repenting rebel live :
Are not thy mercies large and free ?
May not a sinner trust in thee ?

2 My crimes are great, but can't sur-
pass
The power and glory of thy grace :
Great God, thy nature hath no bound,
So let thy pard'ning love be found.

3 O wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean ;
Here, on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain my eyes.

4 My lips, with shame, my sins confess,
Against thy law, against thy grace ;
Lord, should thy judgment grow se-
vere,
I am condemn'd, but thou art clear.

5 Should sudden vengeance seize my
breath,
I must pronounce thee just, in death :
And if my soul were sent to hell,
Thy righteous law approves it well.
6 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hov'ring round thy
word,
Would light on some sweet promise
there,
Some sure support against despair.

HYMN 271. (III. 1.)

IN themselves as weak as worms,
How can poor believers stand,
When temptations, foes, and storms,
Press them close on every hand ?

2 Weak indeed they feel they are,
But they know the throne of grace ;
And the God who answers prayer,
Helps them when they seek his face.

3 Though the Lord awhile delay,
Succour they at length obtain ;
He who taught their hearts to pray,
Will not let them cry in vain.

4 Wrestling prayer can wonders do,
Bring relief in deepest straits ;
Prayer can force a passage through
Iron bars and brazen gates.

HYMN 272. (S. M.)

O THOU, that wouldst not have
One wretched sinner die,
Who didst thyself my soul to save
From endless misery !
Show me the way to shun
Thy dreadful wrath severe,
That when thou comest on thy throne,
I may with joy appear.

2 Thou art thyself the way ;
Thyself in me reveal ;
So shall I spend my life's short day
Obedient to thy will :
So shall I love my God,
Because he first loved me,
And praise thee in thy bright abode,
To all eternity.

HYMN 273. (III. 1.)

Sabbath Morning Prayer Meeting.

SAFELY through another week,
God has brought us on our way ;
Let us now a blessing seek,
Waiting in his courts to-day :
Day of all the week the best ;
Emblem of eternal rest.

2 While we seek supplies of grace,
Through the dear Redeemer's name,
Show thy reconciled face ;
Take away our sin and shame :
From our worldly cares set free,
May we rest this day in thee.

3 When we meet, thy name to praise,
Let us feel thy presence near :
May thy glory meet our eyes
While we in thy house appear ;
There afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.

4 May the gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinners, comfort saints ;
Make the fruits of grace abound ;
Bring relief from all complaints :
Thus let all our Sabbaths prove,
Till we join the church above.

V. JUSTIFICATION.

HYMN 274. (L. M.)

FROM my own works at last I cease,
For God alone can give me peace ;
Fruitless my toil, and vain my care,
Of my own strength I must despair.

2 Lord, I despair myself to heal ;
I see my sins, but cannot feel
True sorrow, till thy Spirit show
My unbelief, the source of woe.

3 'Tis thine alone to change this heart ;
Thou only canst good gifts impart ;
I therefore will my heart resign
To thee : O cleanse, and seal it thine.

4 With humble faith on thee I call,
My light, my life, my Lord, my all ;
I wait the moving of the pool ;
I wait the word that speaks me whole.

5 Speak, gracious Lord, my sickness
cure,
Make my infected nature pure ;
Peace, righteousness, and joy impart,
And give thyself unto my heart.

MORAVIAN.

HYMN 275. (C. M.)

THE gospel comes with welcome
news
Of pardon full and free ;
Their various schemes while others
choose,
Saviour, we come to thee.

2 Of merit never can we speak,
For merit have we none ;
But justified for Jesus' sake,
We're saved by grace alone.

3 'Twas grace our wayward hearts
first won,
'Tis grace that holds us fast ;
Grace will complete the work begun,
And save us at the last.

4 Then shall our souls, with rapture,
trace
The love that set us free,
And celebrate redeeming grace
Through all eternity.

HYMN 276. (L. M.)

NO more, my God, I boast no more,
Of all the duties I have done ;

- I quit the hopes I held before,
To trust the merits of thy Son.
- 2 Now trusting to his sacred name,
What was my gain I count my loss ;
My former pride I call my shame,
And nail my glory to his cross.
- 3 Yes ; and till death I will esteem
All things but loss for Jesus' sake ;
O may my soul be found in him,
And of his righteousness partake !
- 4 The best obedience of my hands
Dares not appear before thy throne ;
But faith can answer thy demands,
By pleading what my Lord has done.

HYMN 277. (IV. 3.)

Saved by Grace.

- I**N songs of sublime adoration and
praise,
Ye pilgrims for Zion who press,
Break forth and extol the great Ancient
of days,
His rich and distinguishing grace.
- 2 His love, from eternity fix'd upon
you,
Broke forth and discover'd its flame,
When each with the cords of his kind-
ness he drew,
And brought you to love his great
name.
- 3 O had not he pitied the state you
were in,
Your bosoms his love had ne'er felt ;
You all would have lived, would have
died too in sin,
And sunk with the load of your guilt.
- 4 What was there in you that could
merit esteem,
Or give the Creator delight ?
'Twas "Even so, Father," you ever
must sing,
"Because it seem'd good in thy
sight."
- 5 'Twas all of thy grace we were
brought to obey ;
While others were suffer'd to go
The road which by nature we chose
as our way,
That leads to the regions of woe.
- 6 Then give all the glory to his holy
name,
To him all the glory belongs ;
Be yours the high joy still to sound
forth his fame,
And crown him in each of your songs.

HYMN 278.

ALL ye that pass by,
To Jesus draw nigh,
To you is it nothing that Jesus should
die ?

- Your ransom and peace,
Your surety he is ;
Come see if there ever was sorrow like
his.
- 2 For what you have done
His blood must atone ;
The Father hath punish'd for you his
dear Son :
The Lord, in the day
Of his anger, did lay
Your sins on the Lamb, and he bore
them away.
- 3 For you, and for me,
He pray'd on the tree ;
The prayer is accepted, the sinner is
free :
That sinner am I,
Who on Jesus rely,
And come for the pardon God cannot
deny.
- 4 My pardon I claim,
For a sinner I am ;
A sinner believing in Jesus's name :
He purchased the grace
Which now I embrace :
O Father, thou know'st he has died in
my place.
- 5 Love moved him to die ;
On this I rely ;
My Saviour hath loved me, I cannot
tell why :
But this thing I find,
We two are so join'd,
He'll not be in glory and leave me
behind.
- 6 With joy we approve
The plan of his love,
A wonder to all both below and
above :
When time is no more,
We still shall adore
That ocean of love without bottom or
shore.

HYMN 279. (S. M.)

- M**Y former hopes are fled,
My terror now begins ;
I feel, alas ! that I am dead
In trespasses and sins.
- 2 Ah, whither shall I fly ?
I hear the thunder roar ;
The law proclaims destruction nigh,
And vengeance at the door.
- 3 When I review my ways,
I dread impending doom :
But sure a friendly whisper says,
"Flee from the wrath to come."
- 4 I see, or think I see,
A glimm'ring from afar ;

A beam of day that shines for me
To save me from despair.

5 Forerunner of the Sun,
It marks the pilgrim's way ;
I'll gaze upon it while I run,
And watch the rising day.

COWPER.

HYMN 280. (C. M.)

HOW long beneath the law I lay
In bondage and distress !
I toil'd the precept to obey,
But toil'd without success.

2 Then, all my servile works were done
A righteousness to raise ;
Now, freely chosen in the Son,
I freely choose his ways.

3 To see the law by Christ fulfill'd,
And hear his pard'ning voice,
Will change a slave into a child,
And duty into choice.

HYMN 281. (C. M.)

I WAS alive without the law,
In fancied peace secure,
I felt no fear, no danger saw,
And thought salvation sure.

2 But when to my awaken'd soul
The law its power applied,
Then sin revived before my eyes,
And I, beholding, died.

3 Death is the wages I have earn'd,
The just desert of sin ;
Alas ! my life is vile without,
And vile my heart within.

4 O, who can free my troubled mind
From sin's oppressive load ?
O wretched man ! how shall I find
Acceptance with my God ?

5 My soul with transport turns to thee,
To thee, my Saviour, turns ;
Cleansed by thy blood, and saved by
grace,

My soul no longer mourns.

HYMN 282. (L. M.)

WHO shall the Lord's elect condemn ?

'Tis God that justifies their souls,
And mercy, like a mighty stream,
O'er all their sins divinely rolls.

2 Who shall adjudge the saints to hell ?
'Tis Christ that suffer'd in their
stead ;

And their salvation to fulfil,
Behold him rising from the dead !

3 He lives ! he lives ! and sits above,
For ever interceding there,
Who shall divide us from his love ?
Or who shall tempt us to despair ?

4 Shall persecution, or distress,
Famine, or sword, or nakedness ?

He that hath loved us, bears us through,
And makes us more than conquerors,
too.

5 Faith hath an overcoming power,
It triumphs in the dying hour,
Christ is our life, our hope, our joy,
Nor can we sink, for he is nigh.

6 Not all that men on earth can do,
Nor powers on high, nor powers
below,
Shall cause his mercy to remove,
Or wean our hearts from him we
love.

HYMN 283. (III. 1.)

Perseverance.

HARK ! my soul, it is the Lord ;
'Tis thy Saviour ; hear his word ;
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee :
" Say, poor sinner, lovest thou me ?

2 " I deliver'd thee when bound,
And when wounded, heal'd thy wound ;
Sought thee wand'ring, set thee right,
Turn'd thy darkness into light.

3 " Can a woman's tender care
Cease towards the child she bare ?
Yes, she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.

4 " Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.

5 " Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of grace is done ;
Partner of my throne shalt be ;
Say, poor sinner, lovest thou me ? "

6 Lord, it is my chief complaint,
That my love is weak and faint ;
Yet I love thee and adore ;
O for grace to love thee more !

COWPER.

HYMN 284. (IV. 2.)

A DEBTOR to mercy alone,
Of covenant mercy I sing ;
Nor fear with thy righteousness on,
My person and off'rings to bring.

The terrors of law and of God,
By faith are all taken away,
My Saviour's obedience and blood,
Hide all my transgressions from
view.

2 The work which his goodness began,
The arm of his strength will com-
plete ;

His promise is *yea* and *Amen*,
And never was forfeited yet :
Things future nor things that are now,
Nor all things below nor above,
Can make him his purpose forego,
Or sever my soul from his love.

3 My name from the palms of his hands,
Eternity will not erase;
Impress'd on its heart it remains,
In marks of indelible grace.
Yes, saints to the end will endure,
As sure as the earnest is given;
More happy but not more secure,
The glorified spirits in heaven.

TOPLADY.

HYMN 285. (S. M.)

YOUR harps, ye trembling saints,
Down from the willows take;
Loud to the praise of Christ our Lord,
Bid every string awake.
2 Though in a foreign land,
We are not far from home;
And nearer to our house above,
We ev'ry moment come.
3 His grace shall to the end
Stronger and brighter shine;
Nor present things, nor things to come,
Shall quench the spark divine.
4 The time of love will come,
When we shall clearly see,
Not only that he shed his blood,
But each shall say "for me."
5 Tarry his leisure, then,
Wait the appointed hour;
Wait till the bridegroom of your souls,
Reveal his love with power.
6 Bless'd is the man, O God!
That stays himself on thee:
Who waits for thy salvation, Lord,
Shall thy salvation see.

TOPLADY.

VII. CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE.

HYMN 286. (C. M.)

"Follow me."

OFOR a single heart for God!
To follow him alone,
Wholly and fully him to serve
Who did for sin atone.
Why should my heart divided be?
Thou art my only Lord,
Who didst create me, hast redeem'd,
And wilt thy help afford.
3 I cannot serve the Lord and sin;
I must decided be;
Tho' shame, reproach, and loss attend,
By grace I will serve thee.
4 Unite my heart to fear thy name,
Let all its powers be one;
Let love and hope, desire and joy,
Be fix'd for Christ alone.

BICKERSTETH.

HYMN 287. (C. M.)

FATHER, I stretch my hands to thee,
No other help I know;

If thou withdraw thyself from me,
Ah, whither shall I go?
2 What did thine only Son endure,
Before I drew my breath!
What pain, what labour, to secure
My soul from endless death!
3 O Jesus, could I this believe,
I now should feel thy power;
Now my poor soul thou wouldst re-
trieve,
Nor let me wait one hour.
4 Author of faith, to thee I lift
My weary, longing eyes:
O let me now receive that gift;
My soul without it dies.
5 Surely thou canst not let me die;
O speak, and I shall live;
And here I will unwearied lie,
Till thou thy Spirit give.
6 The worst of sinners would rejoice,
Could they but see thy face:
O let me hear thy quick'ning voice,
And taste thy pard'ning grace!

HYMN 288. (L. M.)

MY hope, my all, my Saviour thou!
To thee, lo, now, my soul I bow;
I feel the bliss thy wounds impart,
I find thee, Saviour, in my heart.
2 Be thou my strength, be thou my
way,
Protect me through my life's short
day:
In all my acts may wisdom guide,
And keep me, Saviour, near thy side.

3 Correct, reprove, and comfort me;
As I have need, my Saviour be:
And if I would from thee depart,
Then clasp me, Saviour, to thy heart.
4 In fierce temptation's darkest hour,
Save me from sin and Satan's power;
Tear every idol from thy throne,
And reign, my Saviour, reign alone.
5 My suff'ring time shall soon be o'er,
Then shall I sigh and weep no more;
My ransom'd soul shall soar away,
To sing thy praise in endless day.

HYMN 289. (C. M.)

JESUS hath died that I might live,
Might live to God alone;
In him eternal life receive;
And be in spirit one.
2 Saviour, I thank thee for the grace,
The gift unspeakable;
And wait with arms of faith t' embrace,
And all thy love to feel.
3 Give me thyself, from every boast,
From every wish set free;
Let all I am in thee be lost,
But give thyself to me.

4 Thy gifts, alas ! cannot suffice,
Unless thyself be given ;
Thy presence makes my paradise ;
And where thou art is heaven.

HYMN 290. (L. M.)

O GOD, most merciful and true,
Thy nature to my soul impart ;
'Stablish with me the cov'nant new,
And stamp thine image on my heart.

2 To real holiness restored,
O let me gain my Saviour's mind,
And in the knowledge of my Lord,
Fulness of life eternal find.

3 Remember, Lord, my sins no more,
That them I may no more forget,
But, sunk in guiltless shame, adore
With speechless wonder at thy feet.

4 O'erwhelm'd with thy stupendous
grace,
I shall not in thy presence move,
But breathe unutterable praise,
And rapturous awe, and silent love.

5 Then every murmuring thought and
vain
Expires, in sweet confusion lost ;
I cannot of my cross complain,
I cannot of my goodness boast.

6 Pardon'd for all that I have done,
My mouth as in the dust I hide ;
And glory give to God alone,
My God for ever pacified !

HYMN 291. (L. M.)

O JESUS, let thy dying cry
Pierce to the bottom of my heart ;
Its evils cure, its wants supply,
And bid my unbelief depart !

2 Slay the dire root and seed of sin ;
Prepare for thee the holiest place ;
Then, O essential Love, come in !
And fill thy house with endless praise.

3 Let me, according to thy word,
A tender, contrite heart receive,
Which grieves at having grieved its
Lord,
And never can itself forgive :

4 A heart thy joys and griefs to feel,
A heart that cannot faithless prove ;
A heart where Christ alone may dwell,
All praise, all meekness, and all love.

HYMN 292. (C. M.)

WITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above ;
His heart is made of tenderness,
His bowels melt with love.

2 Touch'd with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame ;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For he hath felt the same.

3 He in the days of feeble flesh,
Pour'd out strong cries and tears,
And in his measure feels afresh
What every member bears.

4 He'll never quench the smoking flax,
But raise it to a flame ;
The bruised reed he never breaks,
Nor scorns the meanest name.

5 Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and his power ;
We shall obtain deliv'ring grace
In the distressing hour.

HYMN 293. (L. M.)

SO let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess ;
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.

2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honours of our Saviour God ;
When his salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.

3 Our flesh and sense must be denied ;
Passion and envy, lust and pride ;
While justice, temp'rance, truth, and
love,
Our inward piety approve.

4 Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessed hope,
The bright appearance of the Lord,
And faith stands leaning on his
word.

HYMN 294. (C. M.)

WHEN any turn from Zion's way,
(Alas, what numbers do !)
Metbinks I hear my Saviour say,
" Wilt thou forsake me too ? "

2 Ah, Lord ! with such a heart as mine,
Unless thou hold me fast,
I feel I must, I shall decline,
And prove like them at last.

3 Yet thou alone hast power, I know,
To save a wretch like me :
To whom or whither could I go,
If I should turn from thee ?

4 Beyond a doubt, I rest assured
Thou art the Christ of God ;
Who hast eternal life secured
By promise and by blood.

5 No voice but thine can give me
rest,
And bid my fears depart ;
No love but thine can make me blest,
And satisfy my heart.

6 What anguish has this question
stirr'd,
If I will also go ?
Yet, Lord, relying on thy word,
I humbly answer, no !

HYMN 295. [C. M.]

AM I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?

2 Shall I be carried to the skies
On flow'ry beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sail'd through bloody seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face,
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vain world a friend to grace,
To help us on to God?

4 Sure I must fight if I would reign:
Increase my courage, Lord,
To bear the cross, endure the shame,
Supported by thy word.

5 The saints, in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer, though they die;
They see the triumph from afar,
With faith's discerning eye.

HYMN 296. (C. M.)

FAITH adds new charms to earthly
bliss,
And saves me from its snares;
Its aid in every duty brings,
And softens all my cares:

2 Extinguishes the thirst of sin,
And lights the sacred fire
Of love to God and heavenly things,
And feeds the pure desire.

3 The wounded conscience knows its
power,
The healing balm to give;
That balm the saddest heart can cheer,
And make the dying live.

4 Wide it unveils celestial worlds,
Where deathless pleasures reign;
And bids me seek my portion there,
Nor bids me seek in vain.

HYMN 297. (L. M.)

ISEND the joys of earth away;
Away, ye tempters of the mind;
False as the smooth, deceitful sea,
And empty as the whistling wind.

2 Your streams were floating me
along,
Down to the gulf of black despair:
And whilst I listen'd to your song,
Your streams had e'en convey'd me
there.

3 Lord, I adore thy matchless grace,
That warn'd me of that dark abyss,
That drew me from those treach'rous
seas,
And bade me seek superior bliss.

4 Now, to the shining realms above,
I stretch my hands, and glance my
eyes;

O for the pinions of a dove,
To bear me to the upper skies.

HYMN 298. (C. M.)

COULD I find from day to day,
A nearness to my God,
Then should my hours glide sweet
away,
And lean upon his word.

2 Lord, I desire with thee to live
Anew from day to day;
In joys the world can never give,
Nor ever take away.

3 O Jesus, come and rule my heart,
And make me wholly thine,
That I may never more depart,
Nor grieve thy love divine.

4 Thus till my last expiring breath,
Thy goodness I'll adore;
And when my flesh dissolves in death,
My soul shall love thee more.

HYMN 299. (C. M.)

OLORD my best desires fulfil
And help me to resign
Life, health, and comfort to thy will,
And make thy pleasure mine.

2 Why should I shrink at thy com-
mand,
Whose love forbids my fears?
Or tremble at the gracious hand
That wipes away my tears?

3 No, let me rather freely yield
What most I prize to thee;
Who never hast a good withheld,
Or wilt withhold from me.

4 Thy favor, all our journey through,
Thou art engaged to grant;
What else I want, or think I do,
'Tis better still to want.

5 Wisdom and mercy guide my way,
Shall I resist them both!
A poor, blind creature of a day,
And crush'd before a moth.

6 But O! my inward spirit cries
Still bind me to thy sway;
Else the next cloud that veils my skies,
Will drive these thoughts away.

HYMN 300. (III. 5.)

OMY soul, what means this sadness?
Wherefore art thou thus cast
down?
Let thy grief be turn'd to gladness;
Bid thy restless fears begone;
Look to Jesus,
And rejoice in his dear name.

2 What though Satan's strong tempta-
tions
Vex and grieve thee day by day;
And thy sinful inclinations

Often fill thee with dismay,
Thou shalt conquer,
Thro' the Lamb's redeeming blood.

3 Though ten thousand ills beset thee,
From without and from within,
Jesus saith he'll ne'er forget thee,
But will save from hell and sin:
He is faithful
To perform his gracious word.

4 Though distresses now attend thee,
And thou tread'st the thorny road;
His right hand shall still defend thee;
Soon he'll bring thee home to God!
Therefore praise him—
Praise the great Redeemer's name.

5 O that I could now adore him,
Like the heavenly host above,
Who for ever bow before him,
And unceasing sing his love!
Happy songsters!
When shall I your chorus join?

HYMN 301. (L. M.)

AWAKE, our souls, away our fears,
Let ev'ry trembling thought be
gone.)

Awake, and run the heavenly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.

2 Sure, 'tis a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint;
But they forget the mighty God,
That feeds the strength of ev'ry
saint.

3 The mighty God, whose matchless
power,
Is ever new and ever young,
And firm endures, while endless years
Their everlasting circles run.

4 From thee, the overflowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply,
While such as trust their native
strength,
Shall melt away, and droop, and die.

5 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to thine abode:
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amidst the heavenly road.

HYMN 302. (C. M.)

AND can my heart aspire so high,
To say "My Father, God?"
Lord, at thy feet I fain would lie,
And learn to kiss the rod.

2 I would submit to all thy will,
For thou art good and wise;
Let ev'ry anxious thought be still,
And not a murmur rise.

3 Thy love can cheer the darksome
gloom,
And bid me wait serene,

Till hopes and joys immortal bloom,
And heighten all the scene.

4 "My Father," O permit my heart,
To plead its humble claim,
And ask the bliss those words impart,
In my Redeemer's name.

HYMN 303. (L. M.)

HOW blest the state of saints above,
Perfect in righteousness and love,
Where all is purity and peace,
And holy joys which never cease!

2 There reigns the Lord whom we
adore,

Glorious in holiness and power,
Array'd in majesty so bright,
No mortal eye could bear the sight.

3 Know, O my soul, that blissful scene
Can ne'er admit a mind unclean:
None but the holy shall appear,
And see the Lord with comfort there.

4 Our Saviour, by a heavenly birth,
Calls us to holiness on earth;
Bids us from paths of sin to fly,
And seek the joys above the sky.

5 We must have holy hearts and
hands,
And feet that go where he commands;
A holy will to keep his ways,
And holy lips to speak his praise.

6 Then, let our first, our chief pursuit
Be holiness, in all its fruit;
O seek it in the Saviour's grace,
And thus prepare to see his face.

HYMN 304. (L. M.)

Contentment.

O THOU, by long experience tried,
Near whom no grief can long
abide,

My Lord, with thee, in sweet content,
I pass my years of banishment.

2 All scenes alike engaging prove,
To souls impress'd with sacred love;
Where'er they dwell, they dwell in
thee,
In heaven, on earth, or on the sea.

3 To me remains nor place nor time,
My country is in ev'ry clime;
I can be calm and free from care
On any shore, since God is there.

4 While place we seek, or place we
shun,

The soul finds happiness in none;
But, with my God to guide my way,
'Tis equal joy to go or stay.

5 Could I be cast where thou art not,
That were indeed a dreadful lot;
But regions none remote I call,
Secure of finding God in all.

HYMN 305. (L. M.)

HOLY Lord God, I love thy truth,
Nor dare thy least commandment
slight;

Yet pierced by sin, the serpent's tooth,
I mourn the anguish of the bite.

2 But, though the poison lurks within,
Hope bids me still with patience
wait,

Till death shall set me free from sin,
Free from the thing I so much hate.

3 Had I a throne above the rest,
Where angels and archangels dwell,
One sin unslain within my breast,
Would make that heaven as dark as
hell.

4 The pris'ner sent to breathe fresh air,
And bless'd with liberty again,
Would mourn, were he condemn'd to
wear
One link of all his former chain.

5 But O, no foe invades the bliss,
When glory crowns the Christian's
head;

One view of Jesus as he is,
Will strike all sin for ever dead.

COWPER.

HYMN 306. (II. 3.)

THOU hidden love of God, whose
height,

Whose depths, unfathom'd, no man
knows,

I see from far thy beauteous light,
And only sigh for thy repose:

My heart is pain'd, nor can it be
At rest, till it find rest in thee.

2 Is there a thing beneath the sun,
That strives with thee my heart to
share?

Ah! tear it thence, and reign alone,
The Lord of ev'ry motion there.

Then shall my heart from earth be free,
When it has found its all in thee.

3 O crucify this self, that I
No more, but Christ in me may live;
Bid all my vile affections die,

Nor let one hateful lust survive;
In all things nothing may I see,
Or aught desire or seek but thee.

4 Lord draw my heart from earth
away,

And make it only know thy call;
Speak to my inmost soul, and say,
I am thy own, thy God, thine all;
O dwell in me, fill all my soul,
And all thy powers by grace control.

HYMN 307. (C. M.)

THE Saviour! O what endless
charms

Dwell in the blissful sound!

Its influence ev'ry fear disarms,
And spreads sweet comfort round.

2 Here pardon, life, and joys divine,
In rich effusion flow,
For guilty rebels lost in sin,
And doom'd to endless wo.

3 O the rich depths of love divine,
Of bliss, a boundless store!
Dear Saviour, let me call thee mine;
I cannot wish for more.

4 On thee alone my hope relies,
Beneath thy cross I fall;
My Lord, my life, my sacrifice,
My Saviour, and my all.

HYMN 308. (L. M.)

BESET with snares on ev'ry hand,
In life's uncertain path I stand;
Saviour divine, diffuse thy light,
To guide my doubtful footsteps right.

2 Engage this roving, treacherous
heart,

To fix on Mary's better part;
To scorn the trifles of a day,
For joys that none can take away.

3 Then let the wildest storms arise,
Let tempests mingle earth and skies;
No fatal shipwreck shall I fear,
But all my treasures with me bear.

4 If thou, my Jesus, still be nigh,
Cheerful I live, and joyful die;
Secure, when mortal comforts flee,
To find ten thousand worlds in thee.

HYMN 309. (IV. 3.)

HOW tedious and tasteless the
hours,

When Jesus no longer I see;
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and
sweet flowers,

Have all lost their sweetness for me;
The midsummer sun shines but dim,
The fields strive in vain to look gay;
But when I am happy in him,
December's as pleasant as May.

2 His name yields the richest perfume,
And sweeter than music his voice;
His presence disperses my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice.

I should, were he always thus nigh,
Have nothing to wish or to fear;
No mortal so happy as I,
My summer would last all the year.

3 Content with beholding his face,
My all to his pleasure resign'd,
No changes of season or place,
Would make any change in my mind:
While bless'd with a sense of his love,
A palace a toy would appear;
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there.

4 Dear Lord, if indeed I am thine,
If thou art my sun and my song,
Say, why do I languish and pine,
And why are my winters so long?
O drive these dark clouds from my sky,
Thy soul-cheering presence restore;
Or take me up to thee on high,
Where winter and clouds are no
more.

NEWTON.

HYMN 310. (C. M.)

HOW sweet the name of Jesus
sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his
wounds,
And drives away his fear.
2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
It calms the troubled breast,
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.
3 Dear name! the rock on which I
build,
My shield and hiding place,
My never-failing treasury, fill'd
With boundless stores of grace.

HYMN 311. (C. M.)

JESUS, I love thy precious name,
'Tis music to my ear;
Fain would I sound it out so loud
That earth and heaven might hear.
2 Yes, thou art precious to my soul,
My transport and my trust;
Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.
3 All my capacious powers can wish,
In thee doth richly meet;
Nor to my eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.
4 I'll speak the honours of thy name,
With my last lab'ring breath;
And dying clasp thee in my arms,
The antidote of death.

HYMN 312. (C. M.)

Sanctification.

OFOR a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free!
A heart that always feels thy blood
So freely shed for me.
2 A heart resign'd, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.
3 An humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true and clean!
Which neither life nor death can part
From him that dwells within.

4 A heart in every thought renew'd,
And full of love divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of thine.

5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;
Come quickly from above;
Write thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new, best name of Love.

HYMN 313. (C. M.)

YE glitt'ring toys of earth, adieu!
A nobler choice be mine;
A real prize attracts my view,
A treasure all divine.
2 Begone, unworthy of my cares,
Ye specious baits of sense;
Inestimable worth appears
The pearl of price immense!
3 Jesus, to multitudes unknown,
O name divinely sweet!
Jesus, in thee, in thee alone,
Wealth, honour, pleasure meet.
4 Should both the Indies, at my call,
Their boasted stores resign,
With joy I would renounce them all,
For leave to call thee mine.
5 Should earth's vain treasures all
depart,
Of this dear gift possess'd,
I'd clasp it to my joyful heart,
And be for ever bless'd.
6 Dear Sovereign of my soul's desires,
Thy love is bliss divine;
Accept the praise thy grace inspires,
Since I can call thee mine!

HYMN 314. (C. M.)

OTHAT I knew the secret place
Where I might find my God!
I'd spread my wants before his face,
And pour my woes abroad.
2 I'd tell him how my sins arise,
What sorrows I sustain;
How grace decays, and comfort dies,
And leaves my heart in pain.
3 He knows what arguments I'd take
To wrestle with my God;
I'd plead for his own mercy's sake,
And for my Saviour's blood.

HYMN 315. (IV. 3.)

OTHOU, in whose presence my soul
takes delight,
On whom in affliction I call;
My comfort by day, and my song in
the night,
My hope, my salvation, my all:
2 O why should I wander an alien
from thee,
Or cry in the desert for bread?

Thy foes will rejoice when my sorrows
they see,
And smile at the tears I have shed.

3 His lips as a fountain of righteous-
ness flow,
That waters the gardens of grace,
From which their salvation the Gen-
tiles shall know,
And bask in the smiles of his face.

4 He looks, and ten thousands of angels
rejoice,
And myriads wait for his word ;
He speaks, and eternity, fill'd with his
voice,
Re-echoes the praise of the Lord.

HYMN 316. (C. M.)

MY soul would fain indulge a hope
To reach the heavenly shore ;
And when I drop this dying flesh,
Then I shall sin no more.

2 I hope to hear and join the song
That saints and angels raise ;
And while eternal ages roll,
To sing eternal praise.

3 But, O this dreadful heart of sin !
It may deceive me still ;
And while I look for joys above,
May plunge me down to hell.

4 The scene must then for ever close,
Probation at an end ;
No gospel grace can reach me there,
No pardon there descend.

5 Come, then, O blessed Jesus, come !
To me thy Spirit give ;
Shine through a dark, benighted soul,
And bid a sinner live.

HYMN 317.

VAIN, delusive world, adieu,
With all of creature good ;
Only Jesus I'll pursue,
Who bought me with his blood :
All thy pleasure I'll forego ;
I'll trample on thy wealth and pride ;
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

2 Other knowledge I disdain ;
'Tis all but vanity :
Christ, the Lamb of God, was slain,
He tasted death for me !
Me to save from endless woe.
The sin-aton-ing victim died ;
Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified.

3 Him to know is life and peace,
And pleasure without end :
This is all my happiness,
On Jesus to depend ;
Daily in his grace to grow,
And ever in his love abide ;

Only Jesus will I know,
And Jesus crucified !

TOPLADY.

HYMN 318. (C. M.)

AFFLICTION is a stormy deep,
Where wave resounds to wave ;
Tho' o'er my head the billows sweep,
I know the Lord can save.

2 Then why, my soul, why thus de-
pressed ?
And why this anxious care ?
Let former mercies fix thy trust,
And calm the rising fear.

3 In the dark watches of the night
I'll count his mercies o'er ;
I'll praise him for ten thousand past,
And ask him still for more.

4 Here will I rest and build my hopes,
Nor murmur at his word ;
He's more than all the world to me,
My Saviour and my God.

HYMN 319. (C. M.)

HOW vain are all things here below,
How false, and yet how fair !
Each pleasure hath its poison too,
And every sweet a snare.

2 The brightest things below the sky
Give but a flatt'ring light ;
We should suspect some danger nigh,
Where we possess delight.

3 Our dearest joys and nearest friends,
The partners of our blood,
How they divide our wav'ring minds,
And leave but half for God !

4 The fondness of a creature's love,
How strong it strikes the sense !
Thither the warm affections move,
Nor can we call them thence.

5 Dear Saviour, let thy beauties be
My soul's eternal food ;
And grace command my heart away
From all created good.

HYMN 320. (L. M.)

JESUS, my all, to heaven is gone ;
He whom I fix my hopes upon ;
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way till him I view.

2 The way the holy prophets went,
The road that leads from banishment ;
The King's highway of holiness
I'll go, for all his paths are peace.

3 This is the way I long have sought,
And mourn'd because I found it not ;
My grief my burden long has been,
Because I could not cease from sin.

4 The more I strove against its power,
I felt its weight and guilt the more ;

Till late I heard my Saviour say,
"Come hither, soul, *I am the way.*"

5 Lo! glad I come; and thou, bless'd
Lamb,
Shall take me to thee, whose I am;
Nothing but sin have I to give,
Nothing but love shall I receive.

HYMN 321. (S. M.)

MY soul, be on thy guard,
Ten thousand foes arise;
And hosts of sin are pressing hard,
To draw thee from the skies.

2 O watch, and fight, and pray,
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor once at ease sit down;
Thy arduous work will not be done,
Till thou hast got thy crown.

HYMN 322. (S. M.)

COMMIT thou all thy griefs
And ways into his hands,
To his sure trust and tender care,
Who earth and heaven commands:

2 Who points the clouds their course,
Whom winds and seas obey,
He shall direct thy wandering feet,
He shall prepare thy way.

3 Thou on the Lord rely,
So safe shalt thou go on;
Fix on his work thy steadfast eye,
So shall thy work be done.

4 No profits canst thou gain
By self-consuming care;
To him commend thy cause, his ear
Attends thy feeblest prayer.

5 Father, thy knowledge deep
And high—thy ceaseless love,—
Sees all thy children's wants, and
knows
What best for each will prove.

HYMN 323. (C. M.)

COURAGE, my soul, thy bitter cross,
In every trial here,
Shall bear thee to thy heaven above,
But shall not enter there.
The sighing ones that humbly seek,
In sorrowing paths below,
Shall in eternity rejoice,
Where endless comforts flow.

2 Soon will the toilsome strife be o'er
Of sublunary care,
And life's dull vanities no more
This anxious breast ensnare.
Courage, my soul, on God rely,
Deliv'rance soon will come,
A thousand ways has Providence,
To bring believers home.

3 E'er first I drew this vital breath,
From nature's prison free,
Crosses in number, measure, weight,
Were written, Lord, for me:
But thou, my shepherd, friend, and
guide,
Hast led me kindly on,
Taught me to rest my fainting head
On Christ, the corner-stone.

4 So comforted and so sustain'd,
With dark events I strove,
And found, when rightly understood,
All messengers of love;
With silence and submissive awe,
Adored a chast'ning God,
Revered the terrors of his law,
And humbly kiss'd the rod.

HYMN 324. (C. M.)

LORD, I believe a rest remains
To all thy people known;
A rest where pure enjoyment reigns,
And thou art loved alone:

2 A rest, where all our soul's desire
Is fix'd on things above,
Where fear, and sin, and grief expire,
Cast out by perfect love.

3 O that I now the rest might know,
Believe and enter in!
Now, Saviour, now the power bestow,
And let me cease from sin!

4 Remove this hardness from my heart,
This unbelief remove:
To me the rest of faith impart,
The sabbath of thy love.

5 I would be thine, thou know'st I
would,
And have thee all my own;
Thee, O my all-sufficient good!
I want, and thee alone.

6 Thy name to me, thy nature grant!
This, only this, be given:
Nothing besides my God I want;
Nothing in earth or heaven.

7 Come, O my Saviour, come away,
Into my soul descend;
No longer from thy creature stay,
My author and my end.

8 The bliss thou hast for me prepared
No longer be delay'd,
Come, my exceeding great reward,
For whom I first was made.

9 Come, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
And seal me thine abode;
Let all I am in thee be lost;
Let all be lost in God.

HYMN 325. (C. M.)

FOR ever here my rest shall be,
Close to thy bleeding side;
This all my hope, and all my plea,
For me the Saviour died.

- 2 My dying Saviour, and my God,
Fountain for guilt and sin,
Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,
And cleanse, and keep me clean.
- 3 Wash me, and make me thus thine
own;
Wash me, and mine thou art:
Wash me, but not my feet alone,
My hands, my head, my heart.
- 4 Th' atonement of thy blood apply,
Till faith to sight improve;
Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul be love.

VIII. PRAISE FOR THE HOPE
OF SALVATION.

HYMN 326. (L. M.)

- N**OW let our souls on wings sublime,
Rise from the vanities of time,
Draw back the parting veil, and see
The glories of eternity.
- 2 Born by a new, celestial birth,
Why should we grovel here on earth?
Why grasp at transitory toys,
So near to heaven's eternal joys?
- 3 Shall aught beguile us on the road,
When we are walking back to God?
For strangers, into life we come,
And dying is but going home.
- 4 Welcome sweet hour of full dis-
charge,
That sets our longing souls at large;
Unbinds our chains, breaks up our cell,
And gives us with our God to dwell.
- 5 To dwell with God, to feel his love,
Is the full heaven enjoy'd above;
And the sweet expectation now,
Is the young dawn of heaven below.

HYMN 327. (C. M.)

- Y**E golden lamps of heaven, farewell,
With all your feeble light;
Farewell, thou ever-changing moon,
Pale empress of the night;
- 2 And thou, refulgent orb of day,
In brighter flames array'd,
My soul, that springs beyond thy
sphere,
No more demands thy aid.
- 3 Ye stars are but the shining dust
Of my divine abode;
The pavement of those heavenly
courts,
Where I shall see my God.
- 4 The Father of eternal light
Shall there his beams display;
Nor shall one moment's darkness mix
With that unvaried day.
- 5 No more the drops of piercing grief
Shall swell into my eyes;

Nor the meridian sun decline
Amidst those brighter skies.

- 6 There all the millions of his saints
Shall in one song unite,
And each the bliss of all shall view,
With infinite delight.

HYMN 328. (II. 3.)

- N**OW I have found the ground
wherein
Sure my soul's anchor may remain;
The wounds of Jesus, for my sin
Before the world's foundations slain;
Whose mercy shall unshaken stay,
When heaven and earth are fled away.
- 2 Father, thine everlasting grace
Our scanty thought surpasses far;
Thy heart still melts with tenderness,
Thy arms of love still open are,
Returning sinners to receive,
That mercy they may taste, and live.
- 3 O love, thou bottomless abyss!
My sins are swallow'd up in thee;
Cover'd is my unrighteousness;
Nor spot of guilt remains on me,
While Jesus' blood, through earth and
-skies,
Mercy, free, boundless mercy, cries.
- 4 By faith, I plunge me in this sea,
Here is my hope, my joy, my rest;
Hither when hell assails, I flee;
I look into my Saviour's breast—
Away, sad doubt and anxious fear,
Mercy is all that's written there.
- 5 Though waves and storms go o'er
my head,
Though strength, and health, and
friends be gone,
Though joys be wither'd all and dead,
Though every comfort be with-
drawn,
On this my steadfast soul relies:
Father, thy mercy never dies.
- 6 Fix'd on this ground will I remain,
Though my heart fail, and flesh
decay;
This anchor shall my soul sustain,
When earth's foundations melt away;
Mercy's full power I then shall prove,
Loved with an everlasting love.

HYMN 329. (II. 4.)

- H**AIL, everlasting Spring!
Celestial Fountain, hail!
The streams salvation bring,
The waters never fail:
Still they endure,
And still they flow,
For all our woe
A sovereign cure.
- 2 Bless'd be his wounded side,
And bless'd his bleeding heart,

Who all in anguish died
Such favours to impart :
His sacred blood
Shall make us clean
From ev'ry sin
And fit for God.

4 To that dear Source of love,
Our souls this day would come ;
And thither from above,
Lord, call the nations home ;
Till Jew and Greek,
With rapt'rous songs
On all their tongues,
Thy praise shall speak.

HYMN 330. (II. 1.)

O GLORIOUS hope of perfect love !
It lifts me up to things above ;
It bears on eagles' wings ;
It gives my ravish'd soul a taste,
And makes me for some moments feast
With angels, priests and kings.

2 Rejoicing now in earnest hope
I stand, and from the mountain top
See all the land below :
Rivers of milk and honey rise,
And all the fruits of Paradise
In endless plenty grow :

3 A land of corn, and wine, and oil,
Favour'd with God's peculiar smile,
With ev'ry blessing bless'd ;
There dwells the Lord our righteous-
ness,
And keeps his own in perfect peace
And everlasting rest.

4 O that I might at once go up !
No more on this side Jordan stop,
But now the land possess ;
This moment end my legal years ;
Sorrows, and sins, and doubts, and
fears.
A howling wilderness.

5 Now, O my Joshua, bring me in !
Cast out thy foes, the inbred sin,
The carnal mind remove ;
The purchase of thy death divide,
And, O ! with all the sanctified,
Give me my God to love.

HYMN 331. (II. 3.)

O JESUS, source of calm repose,
Thy like nor man nor angel
knows,
Fairest among ten thousand fair :
E'en those whom death's sad fetters
bound,
Whom thickest darkness compass'd
round,
Find light and life if thou appear.

2 Effulgence of the light divine,
Ere rolling planets knew to shine,
Ere time its ceaseless course began :

Thou, when th' appointed hour was
come,
Didst not abhor the virgin's womb,
But God with God, was man with
man.

3 The world, sin, death, oppose in
vain ;
Thou, by thy dying, death hast slain,
My great Deliv'rer and my God !
In vain does the old Dragon rage,
In vain all hell its powers engage ;
None can withstand thy conqu'ring
blood.

HYMN 332. (C. M.)

PLUNGED in a gulf of dark despair,
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheering beam of hope,
Or spark of glimm'ring day.

2 With pitying eyes the Prince of
grace
Beheld our helpless grief ;
He saw, and (O, amazing love !)
He ran to our relief.

3 Down from the shining seats above,
With joyful haste he fled ;
Enter'd the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.

O, for this love let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break !
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak.

5 Angels, assist our mighty joys,
Strike all your harps of gold ;
But when you raise your highest
notes,
His love can ne'er be told !

HYMN 333. (S. M.)

A WAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb ;
Wake every heart and every tongue,
To praise the Saviour's name.

2 Sing of his dying love ;
Sing of his rising power ;
Sing how he intercedes above,
For those whose sins he bore.

3 Sing, till we feel our heart
Ascending with our tongue ;
Sing, till the love of sin depart,
And grace inspire our song.

4 Sing on your heavenly way,
Ye ransom'd sinners, sing ;
Sing on, rejoicing every day,
In Christ, th' eternal King.

5 Soon shall we hear him say,
"Ye blessed children, come ;"
Soon will he call us hence away,
And take his wanderers home.

6 Soon shall our raptured tongue
His endless praise proclaim ;

And sweeter voices tune the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

HYMN 334. (C. M.)

- A**LL hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him—Lord of all.
- 2 Crown him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from his altar call;
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown him—Lord of all.
- 3 Hail him, ye heirs of David's line,
Whom David, Lord did call;
The God incarnate! man divine!
And crown him—Lord of all.
- 4 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransom'd from the fall,
Hail him, who saves you by his grace,
And crown him—Lord of all.
- 5 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall.
Go, spread your tophies at his feet,
And crown him—Lord of all.
- 6 Let every kindred, every tribe
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him—Lord of all.

HYMN 335. (L. M.)

- W**HAT sinners value I resign;
Lord, 'tis enough that thou art
mine;
I shall behold thy blissful face,
And stand complete in righteousness.
- 2 This life's a dream, an empty show;
But the bright world to which I go,
Hath joys substantial and sincere;
When shall I wake and find me there?
- 3 O glorious hour! O blest abode!
I shall be near and like my God,
And flesh and sense no more control
The sacred pleasures of the soul.
- 4 My flesh shall slumber in the ground
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound,
Then burst the chains with sweet sur-
prise,
And in my Saviour's Image rise.

HYMN 336. (C. M.)

- T**HERE is a house not made with
hands,
Eternal and on high;
And here my spirit waiting stands,
Till God shall bid it fly.
- 2 Shortly this prison of my clay
Must be dissolved, and fall;
Then, O my soul, with joy obey
Thy heavenly Father's call.
- 3 'Tis he, by his almighty grace,
That forms thee fit for heaven,

And, as an earnest of the place,
Has his own Spirit given.

- 4 We walk by faith of joys to come,
Faith lies upon his word;
But while the body is our home,
We're absent from the Lord.
- 5 'Tis pleasant to believe thy grace,
But we had rather see;
We would be absent from the flesh,
And present, Lord, with thee.

HYMN 337. (C. M.)

- A**MAZING grace! (how sweet the
sound!)
That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found,
Was blind, but now I see.
- 2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to
fear,
And grace my fears relieved;
How precious did that grace appear,
The hour I first believed.
- 3 Through many dangers, toils, and
snares,
I have already come;
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus
far,
And grace will lead me home.
- 4 The Lord has promised good to me,
His word my hope secures;
He will my shield and portion be,
As long as life endures.
- 5 Yes, when this heart and flesh shall
fail,
And mortal life shall cease,
I shall possess within the veil,
A life of joy and peace.
- 6 The earth shall soon dissolve like
snow,
The sun forbear to shine;
But God, who call'd me here below,
Will be for ever mine.

NEWTON.

HYMN 338.

- H**OW happy are they
Who their Saviour obey,
And have laid up their treasures above;
O, what tongue can express
The sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul in its earliest love!
- 2 That comfort was mine
When thy favour divine
I first found in the blood of the Lamb,
When my heart it believed,
What a joy I received,
What a heaven in Jesus's name!
- 3 'Twas a heaven below
My Redeemer to know;
The angels could do nothing more

Than to fall at his feet,
And the story repeat,
And the lover of sinners adore.

- 4 Jesus, all the day long,
Was my joy and my song,
O that all his salvation might see,
He hath loved me, I cried,
He hath suffer'd and died,
To redeem such a rebel as me.
- 5 On the wings of his love,
I was carried above
All sin, and temptation, and pain;
And I could not believe
That I ever should grieve.
That I ever should suffer again.
- 6 O, the rapturous height
Of that holy delight
Which is found in his life-giving blood!
Of a Saviour possess'd,
We are perfectly blest,
As if fill'd with the fulness of God.

HYMN 339. (III. 5.)

HARK! the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary;
See, it rends the rocks asunder,
Shakes the earth and veils the sky!
"It is finish'd!"
Hear the dying Saviour cry.

2 It is finish'd!—O what pleasure
Do these precious words afford!
Heavenly blessings, without measure,
Flow to us from Christ the Lord.
It is finished!
Saints, the dying words record.

3 Finish'd—all the types and shadows
Of the ceremonial law;
Finish'd—all that God had promised;
Death and hell no more shall awe:
It is finish'd!
Saints, from hence your comforts draw.

4 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs,
Join to sing the pleasing theme;
All on earth, and all in heaven,
Join to praise Immanuel's name:
Hallelujah!
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

HYMN 340. (IV. 3.)

BY *Faith* we are come,
To our permanent home,
By *Hope* we the rapture improve;
By *Love* we still rise,
And look down on the skies,
For the heaven of heavens is love.

2 What a rapturous song,
When the glorified throng
In the spirit of harmony join:
Join all the glad choirs,
Hearts, voices, and lyres;
And the burden is—mercy divine.

3 Hallelujah, they cry,
To the King of the sky,
To the great everlasting I AM;
To the Lamb that was slain,
And liveth again:
Hallelujah to God and the Lamb.

HYMN 341.

FROM Egypt lately come,
Where death and darkness reign,
We seek our new, our better home,
Where we our rest shall gain:
Hallelujah!

We are on our way to God.

2 There sin and sorrow cease,
And every conflict's o'er;
There we shall dwell in endless peace,
And never hunger more:
Hallelujah!

We are on our way to God.

3 There, in celestial strains,
Enraptured myriads sing;
There love in every bosom reigns,
For God himself is King:
Hallelujah!

We are on our way to God.

4 We soon shall join the throng,
Their sacred pleasures share,
And sing the everlasting song,
With all the ransom'd there:
Hallelujah!

We are on our way to God.

HYMN 342. (C. M.)

O GOD! our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home—

2 Under the shadow of thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.

4 A thousand ages in thy sight
Are like an evening gone,
Short as the watch that ends the night,
Before the rising sun.

O God! our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be thou our guard while life shall last,
And our eternal home.

HYMN 343. (C. M.)

INFINITE excellence is thine,
Thou lovely Prince of grace;
Thy uncreated beauties shine
With never-fading rays.

2 Sinners, from earth's remotest end,
Come bending at thy feet;

- To thee their prayers and praise
ascend,
In thee their wishes meet.
- 3 Millions of happy spirits live
On thy exhaustless store ;
From thee they all their bliss receive,
And still thou givest more.
- 4 Thou art their triumph and their
joy ;
They find their all in thee :
Thy glories will their tongues employ
Through all eternity.
- 5 When shall the day, dear Lord,
appear
That I shall mount on high,
And view thy matchless beauties there
With never-ceasing joy ?
- 6 Angels shall listen to my song,
And seraphs join the praise ;
For none amongst the happy throng
Shall louder triumphs raise.

HYMN 344. (III. 5.)

- L**ET us love, and sing, and wonder ;
Let us praise the Saviour's name :
He has hush'd the law's loud thunder,
He has quench'd Mount Sinai's
flame ;
He has wash'd us with his blood,
He has brought us nigh to God.
- 2 Let us love the Lord who bought us,
Dying for our rebel race ;
Call'd us by his Word, and taught us
By the Spirit of his grace :
He has wash'd us with his blood,
He presents our souls to God.
- 3 Let us sing, though fierce temptation
Threaten hard to bear us down ;
For the Lord, our strong salvation,
Holds in view the conq'ror's crown :
He who wash'd us with his blood,
Soon will bring us home to God.
- 4 Let us praise, and join the chorus
Of his saints enthroned on high ;
Here, they trusted him before us,
Now their praises fill the sky :—
"Thou hast wash'd us with thy blood ;
Thou art worthy, Lamb of God !"

IX. MISSIONS.

HYMN 345. (S. M.)

- J**ESUS, the Conqueror, reigns,
In glorious strength array'd ;
His kingdom over all maintains,
And bids the earth be glad !
Ye sons of men, rejoice
In Jesus' mighty love ;
Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
To him who rules above.
- 2 Extol his kingly power,
Kiss the exalted Son,

- Who died, and lives to die no more,
High on his Father's throne :
Our Advocate with God,
He undertakes our cause,
And spreads thro' all the earth abroad
The victory of his cross.
- 3 The world cannot withstand
Its ancient Conqueror ;
The world must sink beneath the
hand
Which arms us for the war :
This is the victory,
Before our faith they fall ;
Jesus hath died for you and me :
Believe, and conquer all !

HYMN 346. (L. M.)

- M**ARK'D as the purpose of the skies,
This promise meets our anxious
eyes,
That heathen lands the Lord shall
know,
And, warm with faith, each bosom
glow.
- 2 E'en now the hallow'd scenes ap-
pear ;
E'en now unfolds the promised year ;
Lo ! distant shores thy heralds trace,
And swell the tidings of thy grace.
- 3 Mid burning climes and frozen
plains,
Where Pagan darkness brooding
reigns,
O mark their steps, their fears subdue,
And nerve their arm and clear their
view.
- 4 When, worn by toil, their spirits
fail,
Bid them the glorious future hail ;
Bid them the crown of life survey,
And onward urge in faith their way.
- 5 O Lord ! amid this gloomy night,
Appear to bless our aching sight ;
Turn thou our darkness into day ;
Let every nation own thy sway.

HYMN 347.

- L**ISTEN, O Sion ! Jehovah hath
spoken,
The Lord, thy Redeemer, commands
thee arise ;
Far o'er the earth reigns the darkness
unbroken,
While heaven's bright day-star il-
lumines the skies.
- Listen, O Sion ! Jehovah hath spoken,
The Lord, thy Redeemer, commands
thee arise.
- 2 Rise to their rescue ! lo, error is
stealing
O'er souls thy Redeemer has bought
for his fold !

View Calvary's scenes! are they not
appealing!

The light thence enkindled, O bid
them behold.

3 Christian, awaken! thy darkness
hath vanish'd,
Thy sky has been lit by its radiant
glow;

Joy that the shades that enwrap'd
thee are banish'd,
And hasten, that all may thy bless-
edness know.

4 Rouse thee to action, thy Saviour is
pleading;
Look upward, the strength of the
mighty is thine:

Omnipotent faith, through Christ's in-
terceding,
Will soon bid the world in God's
image to shine.

HYMN 348. (III. 1.)

HARK! the song of jubilee,
Loud, as mighty thunders roar;
Or the fulness of the sea,
When it breaks upon the shore.

2 Hallelujah! for the Lord
God Omnipotent shall reign:
Hallelujah! let the word
Echo round the earth and main.

3 See Jehovah's banners furl'd,
Sheath'd his sword: he speaks—'tis
done;
And the kingdoms of this world
Are the kingdoms of his Son.

4 He shall reign from pole to pole,
With illimitable sway;
He shall reign when like a scroll
Yonder heavens have pass'd away.

5 Then the end: beneath his rod
Man's last enemy shall fall:
Hallelujah! Christ in God,
God in Christ, is all in all.

X. DEATH.

HYMN 349. (S. M.)

AND am I born to die?
To lay this body down,
And must my trembling spirit fly
Into a world unknown,
A land of deepest shade,
Unpierced by human thought,
The dreary regions of the dead,
Where all things are forgot.

2 Soon as from earth I go,
What will become of me?
Eternal happiness or woe,
Must then my portion be.
Waked by the trumpet's sound,
I from my grave shall rise;
And see the Judge with glory crown'd,
And see the flaming skies.

3 How shall I leave my tomb?
With triumph, or regret?
A fearful, or a joyful doom.
A curse, or blessing meet?
Will angel hands convey
Their brother to the bar,
Or devils drag my soul away,
To meet its sentence there?

4 Who can resolve the doubt
That tears my anxious breast?
Shall I be with the damn'd cast out,
Or number'd with the blest?
I must from God be driven.
Or with my Saviour dwell;
Must come at his command to heaven,
Or else depart to hell.

HYMN 350. (II. 1.)

MY days, my weeks, my months, my
years,
Fly rapid as the whirling spheres
Around the steady pole;
Time, like the tide, its motion keeps,
And I must launch through boundless
deeps,
Where endless ages roll.

2 The grave is near the cradle seen;
How swift the moments pass between,
And whisper as they fly—
Unthinking man, remember this,
Thou, midst thy sublunary bliss,
Must groan, and gasp, and die!

3 My soul, attend the solemn call,
Thine earthly tent must quickly fall,
And thou must take thy flight,
Beyond the vast ethereal blue,
To sing above as angels do,
Or sink in endless night.

HYMN 351. (IV. 2.)

HOW solemn the signal I hear!
The summons that calls me away,
In regions unknown to appear,
How shall I the summons obey?
What scenes in that world shall arise,
When life's latest sigh shall be fled,
And darkness has seal'd up my eyes,
And deep in the dust I am laid!

2 No longer the world I can view,
The scenes which so long I have
known;
My friends, I must bid you adieu,
For here I must travel alone:
Yet here my Redeemer has trod,
His hallowed footsteps I know;
I'll trust for defence to his rod,
And lean on his staff as I go.

HYMN 352. (C. M.)

THE years roll round, and steal away
The strength that once they gave;
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
We're hast'ning to the grave.

2 Dangers stand thick through all the ground,
To urge us to the tomb,
And fierce diseases wait around,
To hurry mortals home.

3 Infinite joy or endless woe,
Attends on every breath;
And yet how unconcern'd we go,
Upon the brink of death.

4 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense,
To walk this dangerous road;
And should our souls be hurried hence,
May they be found with God!

HYMN 353 (C. M.)

THEE we adore, Eternal Name,
And humbly own to thee,
How feeble is our mortal frame,
What dying worms are we!

2 Our wasting lives grow shorter still,
As months and days increase;
And every beating pulse we tell,
Leaves but the number less.

3 The year rolls round, and steals away
The breath that first it gave;
Whate'er we do, whate'er we be,
We're travelling to the grave.

4 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense,
To walk this dangerous road;
And if our souls are hurried hence,
May they be found with God.

HYMN 354. (L. M.)

SHRINKING from the cold hand of
death,

I soon shall gather up my feet;
Shall soon resign this fleeting breath,
And die—my father's God to meet.

2 Number'd among thy people, I
Expect with joy thy face to see:
Because thou didst for sinners die,
Jesus, in death remember me.

3 O, that without a ling'ring groan,
I may thy welcome word receive!
My body with my charge lay down,
And cease at once to work and live.

4 Walk with me through the dreadful
shade,
And, certified, that thou art mine,
My spirit, calm and undismay'd,
I shall into thy hands resign.

5 No anxious doubt, no guilty gloom,
Shall damp, when Jesus' presence
cheers;

My light, my life, my God is come,
And glory in his face appears!

HYMN 355. (L. M.)

PASS a few swiftly fleeting years,
And all that now in bodies live,
Shall quit, like me, this vale of tears,
Their righteous sentence to receive.

2 But all, before they hence remove,
May mansions for themselves pre-
pare,
In that eternal house above:
And, O my God, shall I be there?

HYMN 356. (C. M.)

AND let this feeble body fail,
And let it faint and die;
My soul shall quit the mournful vale,
And soar to worlds on high:
Shall join the disembodied saints,
And find its long-sought rest,
That only bliss for which it pants,
In the Redeemer's breast.

2 In hope of that immortal crown,
I now the cross sustain;
And gladly wander up and down,
And smile at toil and pain:
I suffer on my threescore years,
Till my Deliv'rer come;
And wipe away his servant's tears,
And take his exile home.

3 O what hath Jesus bought for me?
Before my ravish'd eyes
Rivers of life divine I see,
And trees of Paradise!
I see a world of spirits bright,
Who taste the pleasures there;
They all are robed in spotless white,
And conq'ring palms they bear.

4 O, what are all my suff'rings here,
If, Lord, thou count me meet,
With that enraptured host t' appear,
And worship at thy feet?
Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,
Take life or friends away;
But let me find them all again
In that eternal day.

HYMN 357. (S. M.)

SAVIOUR, we wait the day,
The awful day unknown,
To quit our house, this tent of clay,
And lay our bodies down.

2 Come, and our souls prepare
For such a solemn day;
And fill us now with watchful care,
And stir us up to pray.

3 O may we all ensure
A lot among the blest;
And watch a moment to secure
An everlasting rest.

HYMN 358. (L. M.)

HOW blest the righteous when he
dies!
When sinks a weary soul to rest;
How mildly beam the closing eyes,
How gently heaves the expiring
breast.

- 2 So fades a summer's cloud away,
So sinks the gale when storms are
o'er,
So gently shuts the eye of day,
So dies a wave along the shore.
- 3 A holy quiet reigns around,
A calm which life nor death destroys,
Nothing disturbs that peace profound,
Which his unfetter'd soul enjoys.
- 4 Farewell conflicting hopes and fears,
Where lights and shades alternate
dwell;
How bright th' unchanging morn ap-
pears;
Farewell, inconstant world, fare-
well!
- 5 Life's duty done, as sinks the clay,
Light from its load the spirit flies;
While heaven and earth combine to
say,
"How blest the righteous when he
dies."

HYMN 359. (C. M.)

- W**HY do we mourn departing
friends,
Or shake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends,
To call them to his arms.
- 2 Are we not tending upward too,
As fast as time can move?
Nor should we wish the hours more
slow,
To keep us from our love.
- 3 Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
There once the flesh of Jesus lay,
And left a long perfume.
- 4 The graves of all his saints he blest,
And hallow'd every bed:
Where should the dying members rest
But with their dying Head?
- 5 Thence he arose, ascending high,
And show'd our feet the way!
Up to the Lord our flesh shall fly,
At the great rising day.
- 6 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
And bid our kindred rise:
Awake, ye nations under ground,
Ye saints, ascend the skies!

HYMN 360. (L. M.)

- I**N age and feebleness extreme,
Who shall a sinful worm redeem?
'Tis only Jesus by his blood
Can raise a sinking soul to God.
- 2 Jesus, my only hope thou art,
Strength of my failing flesh and heart;
O let me catch one smile from thee,
And drop into eternity!

HYMN 361. (C. M.)

- I**N vain my fancy strives to paint
The moment after death,
The glories that surround the saint,
When he resigns his breath.
- 2 One gentle sigh his fetter breaks;
We scarce can say, "He's gone,"
Before the willing spirit takes
Her mansion near the throne.
- 3 Faith strives, but all its efforts fail
To trace her heavenward flight;
No eye can pierce within the veil
Which hides that world of light.
- 4 Thus much (and this is all) we
know—
They are supremely blest;
Have done with sin, and care, and
woe,
And with their Saviour rest.
- 5 On harps of gold his name they
praise,
His presence always view:
And if we *here* their footsteps trace,
There we shall praise him too.

NEWTON.

HYMN 362. (III. 5.)

- H**APPY soul, thy days are ended,
All thy mourning days below;
Go, by angel guards attended,
To the sight of Jesus go.
Waiting to receive thy spirit,
Lo, the Saviour stands above!
Shows the purchase of his merit,
Reaches out the crown of love.
- 2 Struggle through thy latest passion
To thy great Redeemer's breast;
To his uttermost salvation,
To his everlasting rest.
For the joy he sets before thee,
Bear a momentary pain:
Die, to live a life of glory!
Suffer, with thy Lord to reign.

HYMN 363.

The Young Christian's Death.

- A**GAIN we lift our voice,
And shout our solemn joy;
Cause of highest raptures this,
Rapture that shall never fail:
See a soul escaped to bliss,
Keep the Christian festival.
- 2 Our friend is gone before,
To that celestial shore;
He hath left his mates behind,
He hath all the storms' outrode;
Found the rest we toil to find,
Landed in the arms of God.
- 3 And shall we mourn to see
Our fellow pris'ner free?
Free from doubts, and griefs, and fears,

In the heaven of the skies :
 Can we weep to see the tears
 Wiped for ever from his eyes ?

4 No, dear companion, no !
 We gladly let thee go
 From a suff'ring church beneath,
 To a reigning church above :
 Thou hast more than conquer'd death,
 Thou art crown'd with life and love.

5 Thou in thy youthful prime
 Hast leap'd the bounds of time :
 Suddenly from earth released,
 Lo ! we now rejoice for thee ;
 Taken to an early rest,
 Caught into eternity.

6 Thither may we repair,
 That glorious bliss to share :
 We shall see the welcome day,
 We shall to the summons bow ;
 Come, Redeemer, come away ;
 Now prepare, and take us now.

XI. JUDGMENT.

HYMN 364. (C. M.)

THAT awful day will surely come,
 Th' appointed hour makes haste,
 When I must stand before my Judge,
 And pass the solemn test.

2 Thou lovely Chief of all my joys,
 Thou Sovereign of my heart,
 How could I bear to hear thy voice
 Pronounce the sound, "Depart !"

3 What, to be banish'd for my life,
 And yet forbid to die !
 To linger in eternal pain,
 Yet death for ever fly !

4 O wretched state of deep despair !
 To see my God remove,
 And fix my doleful station where
 I must not taste his love !

5 O tell me that my worthless name
 Is graven on thy hands ;
 Show me some promise in thy book,
 Where my salvation stands.

HYMN 365. (S. M.)

THOU Judge of quick and dead,
 Before whose bar severe,
 With holy joy, or guilty dread,
 We all shall soon appear ;
 Our souls by grace prepare
 For that tremendous day.
 And fill us now with watchful care,
 And stir us up to pray :

2 To pray, and wait the hour,
 That awful hour unknown,
 When, robed in majesty and power,
 Thou shalt from heaven come down,
 Th' immortal son of man,
 To judge the human race,

With all thy Father's dazzling train,
 With all thy glorious grace.

3 To damp our earthly joys,
 T' increase our gracious fears,
 For ever let the archangel's voice
 Be sounding in our ears
 The solemn midnight cry,
 "Ye dead, the Judge is come !
 Arise, and meet him in the sky,
 And meet your instant doom !"

4 O may we thus be found
 Obedient to thy word,
 Attentive to the trumpet's sound,
 And looking for our Lord !
 O may we all ensure
 A lot among the blest ;
 And watch a moment to secure
 An everlasting rest.

HYMN 366. (III. 5.)

LO ! he comes, with clouds descend-
 ing,
 Once for favour'd sinners slain !
 Thousand thousand saints attending,
 Swell the triumph of his train :
 Hallelujah !
 God appears on earth again !

2 Every eye shall now behold him,
 Robed in dreadful majesty ;
 Those who set at nought, and sold him,
 Pierced and nail'd him to the tree,
 Deeply wailing,
 Shall the great Messiah see.

3 Every island, sea and mountain,
 Heaven and earth, shall flee away !
 All who hate him must, confounded,
 Hear the trump proclaim the day :
 Come to judgment !
 Come to judgment, come away !

4 Now redemption, long expected,
 See in solemn pomp appear !
 All his saints, by man rejected,
 Now shall meet him in the air !
 Hallelujah !
 See the day of God appear !

HYMN 367. (III. 5.)

DAY of judgment, day of wonders,
 Hark ! the trumpet's awful sound,
 Louder than a thousand thunders,
 Shakes the vast creation round :
 How the summons
 Will the sinner's heart confound !

2 See the Judge our nature wearing,
 Clothed in majesty divine !
 You who long for his appearing,
 Then shall say, "This God is mine !"
 Gracious Saviour,
 Own me in that day for thine.

3 At his call the dead awaken,
 Rise to life from earth and sea ;

All the powers of nature, shaken,
At his call prepare to flee:
Careless sinner,
What will then become of thee?

HYMN 368. (L. M.)

THE day of wrath, that dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass
away!

What power shall be the sinner's stay?
How shall he meet that dreadful day?

2 When, shriv'ling like a parched
scroll,

The flaming heavens together roll,
And louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the
dead.

3 O, on that day, that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from
clay,

Be thou, O Christ! the sinner's stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass
away.

HYMN 369. (III. 5.)

SEE the eternal Judge descending,
Seated on his Father's throne;
Now, O sinner, now lamenting,
Stand and hear thy awful doom.
Trumpets call thee,

Stand and hear thy awful doom.

2 Yonder sits my slighted Saviour,
With the marks of dying love;

O that I had sought his favour,
When I felt the Spirit move!
Gone for ever,

For I have against him strove.

3 All his warnings I have slighted,
While he daily sought my soul;

If my vows to him I plighted,
Yet for sin I broke them all.
Golden moments!

How neglected did they roll!

XII. HEAVEN AND HELL.

HYMN 370. (C. M.)

Heaven.

FAR from these narrow scenes of
night

Unbounded glories rise,
And realms of infinite delight,
Unknown to mortal eyes.

2 Fair distant land! could mortal eyes
But half its charms explore,
How would our spirits long to rise,
And dwell on earth no more.

3 There pain and sickness never come,
And grief no more complains;
Health triumphs in immortal bloom,
And endless pleasure reigns.

4 No cloud those blissful regions know,
Realms ever bright and fair,
For sin, the source of mortal woe,
Can never enter there.

5 There all the millions of his saints,
Shall in one song unite,
And each the bliss of all shall view
With infinite delight.

6 Nor needed is the shining moon,
Nor e'en the sun's bright rays;
For glory, from the sacred throne,
Spreads everlasting day.

HYMN 371. (IV. 4.)

Heaven.

O WHERE can the soul find relief
from its foes,
A shelter of safety, a home of repose?
Can earth's highest summit or deepest
hid vale,

Give a refuge, nor sorrow nor sin can
assail?

No, no!—there's no home—

There's no home on earth—the soul
has no home.

2 Shall it leave the low earth and soar
to the sky,
And seek for a home in the mansions
on high?

In the bright realms of bliss will a
dwelling be given,
And the soul find a home in the glory
of heaven?

Yes, yes!—there's a home—

There's a home in high heaven—the
soul has a home.

3 O holy and sweet its rest shall be
there!

Free for ever from sin, and from sor-
row and care;

And the loud hallelujahs of angels
shall rise,

To welcome the soul to its home in the
skies.

Home, home!—home of the soul!

The bosom of God is the home of the
soul!

KEY.

HYMN 372. (C. M.)

ON Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye,
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.

2 O the transporting rapt'rous scene,
That rises to my sight!
Sweet fields array'd in living green,
And rivers of delight!

3 There gen'rous fruits that never fail,
On trees immortal grow;
There rocks and hills, and brooks and
vale,
With milk and honey flow.

4 All o'er those wide extended plains
Shines one eternal day ;
There God the Son for ever reigns,
And scatters night away.

5 No chilling winds nor pois'nous
breath
Can reach that healthful shore,
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and fear'd no more.

6 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be for ever blest ?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest ?

7 Fill'd with delight, my raptur'd soul
Would here no longer stay !
Though Jordan's waves around me
roll,
Fearless I'd launch away.

8 Adieu, adieu, all earthly things,
I come, my Lord, I come ;
Angels, extend your golden wings,
And bear my spirit home.

HYMN 373. (C. M.)

FAR from the utmost verge of day
Those gloomy regions lie,
Where flames amid the darkness play,
The worm shall never die.

2 The breath of God, his angry breath,
Supplies and fans the fire ;
There sinners taste the second death,
And would, but can't expire.

3 Conscience, the never-dying worm,
With torture gnaws the heart ;
And woe and wrath, in every form,
Is now the sinner's part.

4 Sad world, indeed!—ah, who can
bear
For ever there to dwell ?
For ever sinking in despair,
In all the pains of hell ?

XIII. MISCELLANEOUS.

HYMN 374. (IV. 5.)

THE voice of free grace cries, Escape
to the mountain,
For Adam's lost race Christ has open'd
a fountain :

For sin and transgression and every
pollution,
His blood flows most freely in streams
of salvation.

Hallelujah to the Lamb who has
bought us our pardon !
We'll praise him again when we pass
over Jordan.

2 With joy shall we stand when
escaped to that shore,
With our harps in our hands, we will
praise him the more :

We'll range the sweet fields on the
banks of the river,
And sing of salvation for ever and
ever.

Hallelujah, &c.

HYMN 375. (III. 1.)

WATCHMAN! tell us of the night,
What its signs of promise are ?
Traveller! o'er yon mountain's height
See that glory-beaming star !
Watchman! does its beauteous ray
Aught of hope or joy foretell ?
Traveller! yes: it brings the day,—
Promised day of Israel !

2 Watchman! tell us of the night ;
Higher yet that star ascends.
Traveller! blessedness and light,
Peace and truth, its course portends.
Watchman! will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth ?
Traveller! ages are its own :
See, it bursts o'er all the earth.

3 Watchman! tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn :
Traveller! darkness takes its flight,
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
Watchman! let thy wand'ring cease ;
Hie thee to thy quiet home.
Traveller! lo! the Prince of peace,
Lo! the Son of God is come !

HYMN 376. (L. M.)

WHEN marshal'd on the mighty
plain,
The glitt'ring host bestud the sky ;
One star alone, of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wand'ring eye.

2 Hark, hark! to God the chorus
breaks
From every host, from every gem ;
But one alone the Saviour speaks,—
It is the Star of Bethlehem !

3 Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud, the night was
dark,
The ocean yawn'd, and rudely blow'd
The wind that tost my found'ring
bark.

4 Deep horror then my vitals froze,
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to
stem ;
When suddenly a star arose,—
It was the Star of Bethlehem !

5 It was my guide, my light, my all,
It bade my dark forebodings cease ;
And through the storm and danger's
thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.

6 Now safely moor'd, my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,

For ever and for evermore,
The Star—the Star of Bethlehem!

HYMN 377. (C. M.)

O THOU, from whom all goodness flows,

I lift my heart to thee;
In all my trials, conflicts, woes,
Dear Lord, remember me.

2 When groaning, on my burden'd heart

My sins lie heavily;
My pardon speak, new peace impart;
In love, remember me.

3 If on my face, for thy dear name,
Shame and reproaches be,
I'll hail reproach, and welcome shame,
If thou remember me.

4 The hour is near—consign'd to death,

I own thy just decree:
Saviour, with my last parting breath
I'll cry, remember me.

HYMN 378.

HARK, how the gospel trumpet sounds!

Through all the world the echo bounds,
And Jesus, by redeeming blood,
Is bringing sinners home to God;
And guides them safely by his word
To endless day.

2 Hail, all-victorious, conq'ring Lord!
By all the heavenly host adored;
Who undertook for fallen man,
And brought salvation through thy name;

That we with thee might live and reign
In endless day.

3 Fight on, ye conq'ring saints, fight on!

And when the conquest you have won,
Then palms of victory you shall bear,
And in his kingdom have a share,
And crowns of glory you shall wear
In endless day.

4 There we shall in sweet chorus join,
And saints and angels all combine
To sing of his redeeming love,
When rolling years shall cease to move;

And that shall be the theme above,
In endless day.

HYMN 379. (C. M.)

Bible Class.

LIGHT of the world, shine on our souls,

Thy grace to us afford;
And while we meet to learn thy truth,
Be thou our teacher, Lord.

2 As once thou didst thy word expound
To those that walk'd with thee,
So teach us, Lord, to understand,
And its bless'd fulness see:

3 Its riches, sweetness, power and depth,

Its holiness discern;
Its joyful news of saving grace
By bless'd experience learn.

4 Help us each other to assist;
Thy Spirit now impart;

Keep humble, but with love inflame
To thee and thine, each heart.

5 Thus may thy word be dearer still,
And studied more each day;

And as it richly dwells within,
Thyself in it display.

BICKERSTETH.

HYMN 380. (C. M.)

THE Lord descended from above,
And bow'd the heavens most high;

And underneath his feet he cast
The darkness of the sky.

2 On cherub and on cherubim
Full royally he rode,

And on the wings of mighty winds
Came flying all abroad.

3 He sat serene upon the floods,
Their fury to restrain;

And he, a sovereign Lord and King,
For evermore shall reign.

4 O God, my strength and fortitude!
Of force I must love thee:

Thou art my castle and defence
In my necessity!

STERNHOLD.

HYMN 381. (L. M.)

THERE'S not a bird (with lonely nest

In pathless wood or mountain crest,
Nor meaner thing, which does not share,

O God! in thy paternal care.

2 There's not a being now accurst
Who did not taste thy goodness first;
And every joy the wicked see,
Received its origin from thee.

3 Each barren crag, each desert rude,
Holds thee within its solitude;
And thou dost bless the wand'rer there
Who makes his solitary prayer.

4 In busy mart and crowded street,
No less than in the still retreat,
Thou, Lord, art near, our souls to bless
With all a parent's tenderness.

5 And every moment still doth bring
Thy blessings on its loaded wing;

Widely they spread through earth and sky,
And last to all eternity.

6 Through all creation let thy name
Be echo'd with a glad acclaim ;
Thy praise let grateful churches sing,
With praise let heaven for ever ring.

7 And we, where'er our lot is cast,
While life and thought and feeling last,
Through all our years, in every place,
Will bless thee for thy boundless grace.

NOEL.

HYMN 382. (III. 4.)

MANY woes had Christ endured,
Many sore temptations met,
Patient and to pains inured ;
But the sorest trial yet
Was to be sustain'd in thee,
Gloomy, sad Gethsemane !

2 Came at length the dreadful night !
Vengeance, with his iron rod,
Stood, and with collected might,
Bruised the harmless Lamb of God :
See, my soul, the Saviour see
Prostrate in Gethsemane.

3 There my God bore my guilt :
This through grace can be believed ;
But the torments which he felt
Are too vast to be conceived :
None can penetrate through thee,
Doleful, dark Gethsemane !

4 All my sins against my God—
All my sins against his laws—
All my sins against his blood—
All my sins against his cause—
Sins as boundless as the sea !
Hide me, O Gethsemane !

5 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One almighty God of love,
Praised by all the heavenly host
In thy shining courts above—
We poor sinners, gracious Three,
Praise thee for Gethsemane.

HYMN 383. (L. M.)

TIS not too high, too arduous an
essay,
To tread, resolv'd, the gospel way ;
The sensual nature to control,
And warm with purer fire the soul.

2 Nature will raise up all her strife,
Reluctant to the heavenly life ;
Loth in a Saviour's death to share,
Her daily cross compell'd to bear.

3 But grace omnipotent at length,
Shall arm the saint with saving
strength ;
Through the sharp war with aids at-
tend,
And his long conflict sweetly end.

4 Act but the infant's gentle part ;
Give up to love thy willing heart ;
No fondest parent's tender breast
Years like thy God's to make thee
blest.

5 Thy sovereign Father, good and kind,
Wants but to have his child resign'd ;
Wants but thy yielded heart—no
more—

Thee with his richest grace to store.

LUTHER.

HYMN 384. (III. 3.)

COME, thou fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace ;
Streams of mercy never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above ;
Praise the mount—I'm fixed upon it—
Mount of thy redeeming love.

2 Here I raise my Ebenezer :
Hither by thy help I'm come ;
And I hope by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wand'ring from the fold of God ;
He, to save my soul from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.

3 O, to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrain'd to be !
Let thy grace, Lord, like a fetter,
Bind my wand'ring heart to thee.
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it—
Prone to leave the God I love :
Here's my heart, O take and seal it,
Seal it for thy courts above !

HYMN 385. (IV. 2.)

THIS God is the God we adore,
Our faithful, unchangeable friend,
Whose love is as great as his power,
And neither knows measure nor end.

2 'Tis Jesus, the First and the Last,
His spirit shall guide us safe home,
We'll praise him for all that is past,
And trust him for all that's to come.

3 How happy the angels that fall
Transported at Jesus's name !
The saints whom he soonest shall call
To share in the feast of the Lamb !

4 No longer inprison'd in clay,
Who next from the dungeon shall
fly ?
Who next shall be summon'd away,
My merciful Lord, is it I ?

5 O Jesus, if this be thy will,
That I suddenly hence should depart,
Thy counsel of mercy reveal,
And whisper the call in my heart.

HYMN 386.

BRIGHTEST and best of the sons
of the morning!

Dawn on our darkness and lend us
thine aid;

Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is
laid!

2 Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are
shining,

Low lies his head with the beasts of
the stall:

Angels adore him in slumber reclining,
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of
all.

3 Say, shall we yield him, in costly
devotion,

Odors of Edom and off'rings divine?
Gems of the mountain and pearls of the
ocean,

Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the
mine?

4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation;
Vainly with gifts would his favour
secure;

Richer by far is the heart's adoration;
Dearer to God are the prayers of the
poor.

5 Brightest and best of the sons of the
morning!

Dawn on our darkness and lend us
thine aid;

Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is
laid!

BISHOP HEBER.

HYMN 387. (II. 4.)

ON earth the song begins,
In heaven more sweet, more loud,
To him that drowns our sins

In his atoning blood;
"To him," they cry in rapturous
strain,

"Be honour, peace, and power—
Amen!"

2 Ye saints on earth, repeat,
What heaven with rapture owns;
And while before his feet,

The elders cast their crowns,
Go, imitate the choirs above,
And tell the world your Saviour's love.

3 Sing as ye pass along,
With joy and wonder sing,
Till others learn the song,

And own your Lord their King;
Till converts join you, as ye go,
And make a growing heaven below.

4 Inform the list'ning world,
How Jesus, when he fell,
The powers of darkness hurl'd
Down to the depths of hell;

And rising, bore the rescued prize,
His church, in triumph through the
skies.

5 Our feeble minds are lost,
Beneath the lofty strain;
But Jordan's billow's cross'd,
We'll catch the sound again,
In praise assist the heavenly choir,
Nor ever stop, nor ever tire.

HYMN 388. (III. 1.)

GRATEFUL notes and numbers
bring,

While Jehovah's praise we sing,
Holy, holy, holy Lord,
Be thy glorious name adored.

2 Though unworthy, Lord, thine ear,
Can our humble praises hear,
Purer praise we hope to bring,
When with saints above we sing.

3 Lead us to that blissful state;
Where thou reign'st supremely great,
Look with pity from thy throne,
Send thy holy Spirit down.

4 While on earth ordain'd to stay,
Guide our footsteps in the way,
Till we come to reign with thee,
And thy glorious greatness see.

5 Then in joyful songs of praise,
We'll our grateful voices raise;
Lord, thy mercies never fail,
Hail, celestial goodness, hail!

HYMN 389. (C. M.)

MORTALS, awake, with angels
join,

And chaunt the solemn lay;
Joy, love, and gratitude combine,
'To hail th' auspicious day.

2 In heaven the rapt'rous song began,
And sweet seraphic fire,
Through all the shining legions ran,
And strung and tuned the lyre.

3 Swift through the vast expanse it
flew,
And loud the echo roll'd;
The theme, the song, the joy was new,
'Twas more than heaven could hold.

4 Down through the portals of the sky,
The impetuous torrent ran;
And angels flew with eager joy,
To bear the news to man.

5 With joy the chorus we'll repeat,
"Glory to God on high;
Good will and peace are now com-
plete,
Jesus was born to die."

6 Hail, Prince of Life! for ever hail!
Redeemer, Brother, Friend!

Though earth, and time, and life shall fail,
Thy praise shall never end.

7 Hark! the cherubic armies shout,
And Glory leads the song:
Good will and peace are heard throughout
Th' harmonious heavenly throng.

HYMN 390.

COME, let us anew
Our journey pursue,
Roll round with the year,
And never stand still till the Master appear:

His adorable will
Let us gladly fulfil,
And our talents improve

By the patience of hope and the labour of love.

2 Our life is a dream;
Our time, as a stream,
Glides swiftly away,

And the fugitive moment refuses to stay:

The arrow is flown,
The moment is gone,
The millennial year

Rushes on to our view, and eternity's here.

3 O that each, in the day
Of his coming, may say,

"I have fought my way through,
I have finish'd the work thou didst give me to do!"

O that each from his Lord
May receive the glad word,

"Well and faithfully done;

Enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne!"

HYMN 391. (L. M.)

Prayer when Error prevails.

GIVE peace in these our days, O Lord!

Times of great peril are at hand;
Thine enemies, with one accord,
Christ's truth corrupt in every land.

2 Give us that peace that we do lack
Through unbelief and evil life;
Thy word to give thou dost not slack,
Which we unkindly use for strife.

3 Give peace, O Lord! thy Spirit send;
With grief, and with repentance true,
Pierce thou our hearts, our lives amend,

And by true faith in Christ renew.

4 Give peace, and grant that fear and dread

(Through thy sweet mercy, Lord, and grace)

May fly, and truth lift up her head,
And dwell and shine in every place.

HYMN 392. (C. M.)

Call to Christians in times of Error.

THE gath'ring clouds, with aspect dark,

A rising storm presage;
O to be hid within the ark,
And shelter'd from its rage!

2 See the commission'd angel frown;
That vial in his hand,
Fill'd with fierce wrath, is pouring down
Upon our guilty land.

3 Ye saints, unite in wrestling prayer,
If yet there may be hope;
Who knows but mercy yet may spare,
And bid the angel stop?

4 May we at least, with one consent,
Fall low before the throne,
With tears the nation's sins lament,
The church's, and our own.

5 The humble souls who mourn and pray,
The Lord approves and knows;
His mark secures them in the day
When vengeance strikes his foes.

HYMN 393. (III. 5.)

Encouragement when Error prevails.

ES, we trust the day is breaking,
Joyful times are near at hand;
God, the mighty God, is speaking,
By his word, in every land:

Mark his progress;
Darkness flies at his command.

2 While the foe becomes more daring,
While he enters like a flood,
God the Saviour is preparing
Means to spread his truth abroad:
Every language
Soon shall tell the love of God.

3 God of Jacob, high and glorious,
Let thy people see thy hand;
Make the gospel soon victorious
Through the world, in every land:
Perish idols,
At Jehovah's dread command.

HYMN 394. (S. M.)

AND let our bodies part,
To different scenes repair,
Inseparably join'd in heart
The friends of Jesus are:

Jesus, the corner stone,
Did first our hearts unite,
And still he keeps our spirits one,
Who walk with him in white.

2 O let us still proceed
In Jesus' work below,

And, following our triumphant Head,
To farther conquests go.
The vineyard of the Lord
Before his lab'ers lies,
And, through his grace, a rich reward
Awaits them in the skies.

3 O let our heart and mind
Continually ascend,
That haven of repose to find,
Where all our labours end—
Where all our toil is o'er,
Our suff'rings and our pain :
Who meet on that eternal shore,
Shall never part again.

HYMN 395. (L. M.)

KINDRED in Christ, for his dear
sake,
A hearty welcome here receive ;
May we together now partake
The joys which only he can give !

2 To you and us by grace 'tis given
To know the Saviour's precious
name ;
And shortly we shall meet in heaven,
Our hope, our way, our end the
same.

3 May he, by whose kind care we
meet,
Send his good Spirit from above,
Make our communications sweet,
And cause our hearts to burn with
love !

4 Forgotten be each worldly theme,
When Christians see each other
thus ;
We only wish to speak of him
Who lived and died, and reigns for
us.

5 We'll talk of all he did and said,
And suffer'd for us here below ;
The path he mark'd for us to tread,
And what he's doing for us now.

6 Thus, as the moments pass away,
We'll love, and wonder, and adore ;
And hasten on the glorious day,
When we shall meet to part no
more. NEWTON.

HYMN 396. (S. M.)

Union.

LET party names no more
The Christian world o'erspread ;
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,
Are one in Christ their head.

2 Among the saints on earth
Let mutual love be found ;
Heirs of the same inheritance,
With mutual blessings crown'd.

3 Let discord, child of hell !
Be banish'd far away ;

Those should in strictest friendship
dwell,
Who the same Lord obey.

4 Thus will the church below
Resemble that above,
Where streams of pleasure ever flow,
And every heart is love.

HYMN 397. (L. M.)

BEHOLD a stranger at the door !
He gently knocks—has knock'd
before ;
Hath waited long—is waiting still ;
You treat no other friend so ill.

2 O lovely attitude ! He stands
With melted heart and loaded hands.
O matchless kindness ! And he shows
This matchless kindness to his foes.

2 But will he prove a friend indeed ?
He will ; the very friend you need :
The friend of sinners—yes, 'tis he,
With garments dyed on Calvary.

4 Rise, touch'd with gratitude divine,
Turn out his enemy and thine,
That soul-destroying monster, sin,
And let the heavenly stranger in.

5 Admit him ere his anger burn—
His feet departed, ne'er return ;
Admit him, or the hour's at hand
You'll at his door rejected stand.

HYMN 398. (L. M.)

JESUS, thy heavenly grace impart,
And fix my frail, inconstant heart,
That so my chief desire may be
To dedicate myself to thee.

2 Whate'er pursuits my time employ,
Grant that this thought may give me
joy :
Thou, Lord, hast apprehended me,
And turn'd my wayward heart to thee.

3 Renouncing every worldly thing,
Beneath the covert of thy wing,
May this my constant feeling be,
That all I want I find in thee.

HYMN 399. (C. M.)

FOR mercies countless as the sands,
Which daily I receive
From Jesus my Redeemer's hands,
My soul, what canst thou give ?

2 Alas ! from such a heart as mine,
What can I bring him forth ?
My best is stain'd and dyed with sin,
My all is nothing worth.

3 Yet this acknowledgment I'll make
For all he has bestow'd :
Salvation's sacred cup I'll take,
And call upon my God.

4 The best return for one like me,
So wretched and so poor,

Is from his gifts to draw a plea.
And ask him still for more.

HYMN 400. (II. 4.)

The Christian Voyage.

JESUS, at thy command
I launch into the deep,
And leave my native land,
Where sin lulls all to sleep:
For thee I fain would all resign,
And sail to heaven with thee and thine.

2 Thou art my Pilot wise;
My compass is thy word;
My soul each storm defies
While I have such a Lord:
I trust thy faithfulness and power
To save me in the trying hour.

3 Though rocks and quicksands deep
Through all my passage lie,
Yet thou wilt safely keep,
And guide me with thine eye:
My anchor, hope, shall firm abide,
And I each boist'rous storm outride.

4 By faith I see the land,
The port of endless rest;
My soul, thy sails expand,
And fly to Jesus' breast:
O may I reach the heavenly shore
Where winds and waves resound no more.

5 Whene'er becalm'd I lie,
And storms and winds subside,
Lord, to my succour fly,
And keep me near thy side:
For more the treach'rous calm I dread
Than tempests bursting o'er my head.

6 Come, heavenly wind, and blow
A prosp'rous gale of grace,
To waft me, from below,
To heaven, my destined place:
Then in full sail my port I'll find,
And leave the world and sin behind.

TOPLADY.

HYMN 401. (C. M.)

Unity of the Church.

COME, let us join our friends above,
That have obtain'd the prize;
And on the eagle wings of love,
To joy celestial rise.

2 Let saints below his praises sing,
With those to glory gone;
For all the servants of our King
In earth and heaven are one.

3 One family, we live in him,
One church above, beneath:
Tho' now we're parted by the stream,
The narrow stream of death.

4 One army of the living God,
To his commands we bow;

Part of the host have cross'd the flood,
And part are crossing now.

5 Ten thousand to their endless home
This solemn moment fly;
And we are to the margin come,
And soon expect to die.

6 Dear Saviour, be our constant guide,
Then, when the word is given,
Bid the cold waves of death divide,
And land us safe in heaven.

XIV. PRIVATE HYMNS.

HYMN 402. (IV. 2.)

WHAT think you of Christ—is the
test

To try both your state and your
scheme;

You cannot be right in the rest,
Unless you think rightly of Him;

As Jesus appears in your view,
As he is beloved or not;

So God is disposed to you,
And mercy or wrath is your lot.

2 Some take him a creature to be,
A man, or an angel at most;
Sure, these have not feelings like me,
Nor know themselves wretched and
lost:

So guilty and helpless am I,
I durst not confide in his blood,
Nor on his protection rely,
Unless I were sure he is God.

3 Some call him a Saviour in word,
But mix their own works with his
plan,

And hope he his help will afford,
When they have done all that they
can.

Some style him the pearl of great price,
And say he's the fountain of joys,
Yet feed upon folly and vice,
And cleave to the world and its toys.

4 If ask'd what of Jesus I think,
(If he graciously give me the power,)
I'll say he's my meat and my drink,
My life, and my strength, and my
store;

My shepherd, my husband, my friend,
My Saviour from sin and from thrall,
My hope from beginning to end,
My portion, my Lord, and my all.

HYMN 403.

Wrestling Jacob.

COME, O thou Traveller unknown,
Whom still I hold, but cannot see,
My company before is gone,
And I am left alone with thee;
With thee all night I mean to stay,
And wrestle till the break of day.

2 I need not tell thee who I am ;
 My misery and sin declare ;
 Thyself hast call'd me by my name,
 Look on thy hands, and read it there :
 But who, I ask thee, who art thou ?
 Tell me thy name, and tell me now.

3 In vain thou strugglest to get free,
 I never will unloose my hold ;
 Art thou the man that died for me ?
 The secret of thy love unfold :
 Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
 Till I thy name, thy nature know.

4 Wilt thou not yet to me reveal
 Thy new, unutterable name ?
 Tell me, I still beseech thee, tell ;
 To know it now resolved I am :
 Wrestling, I will not let thee go,
 Till I thy name, thy nature know.

5 What though my shrinking flesh
 complain,
 And murmur to contend so long :
 I rise superior to my pain ;
 When I am weak, then I am strong !
 And when my all of strength shall fail,
 I shall with the God-man prevail.

6 Yield to me now, for I am weak,
 But confident in self-despair ;
 Speak to my heart, in blessings speak,
 Be conquer'd by my instant prayer :
 Speak, or thou never hence shall move,
 And tell me if thy name be Love.

7 'Tis Love ! 'tis Love !—thou died'st
 for me ;
 I hear thy whisper in my heart ;
 The morning breaks, the shadows flee,
 Pure, universal Love thou art :
 To me, to all, thy bowels move,
 Thy nature and thy name is Love.

8 My prayer hath power with God, the
 grace
 Unspeaking I now receive ;
 Through faith, I see thee face to face ;
 I see thee face to face, and live !
 In vain I have not wept and strove ;
 Thy nature and thy name is Love.

9 I know thee, Saviour, who thou art ;
 Jesus, the feeble sinner's friend :
 Nor wilt thou with the night depart,
 But stay and love me to the end ;
 Thy mercies never shall remove,
 Thy nature and thy name is Love.

10 The Sun of Righteousness on me
 Hath rose, with healing in his wings :
 Wither'd my nature's strength, from
 thee
 My soul its life and succour brings ;
 My help is all laid up above ;
 Thy nature and thy name is Love.

11 Contented now, upon my thigh
 I halt, till life's short journey end ;

All helplessness, all weakness, I
 On thee alone for strength depend ;
 Nor have I power from thee to move,
 Thy nature and thy name is Love.

12 Lame as I am I take the prey :
 Hell, earth, and sin with ease o'er-
 come,
 I leap for joy, pursue my way,
 And, as a bounding hart fly home ;
 Through all eternity to prove,
 Thy nature and thy name is Love.

HYMN 404. (III. 5.)

Sovereign Grace.

PAUSE, my soul, adore and wonder,
 Ask, "O, why such love to me?"
 Grace hath put me in the number
 Of the Saviour's family ;
 Hallelujah,
 Thanks, eternal thanks to thee.

2 Since that love had no beginning,
 And shall never, never cease ;
 Keep, O keep me, Lord, from sinning,
 Guide me in the way of peace ;
 Make me walk in
 All the paths of holiness.

3 When in that bless'd habitation
 Which my God has foreordain'd,
 When in glory's full possession,
 I with saints and angels stand,
 Thy grace only,
 Shall for ever have the praise.

HYMN 405.

WHAT'S this, that steals—
 That steals upon my frame ?
 Is it death ?
 That soon will quench—
 Will quench this vital flame ?
 Is it death ?
 If this is death, I soon shall be
 From every sin and sorrow free ;
 I shall the King of Glory see :
 All is well.

2 Weep not, my friends—
 My friends, weep not for me ;
 All is well :
 My sins forgiven—
 Forgiven ! I am free ;
 All is well :
 There's not a cloud that doth arise
 To hide my Saviour from my eyes ;
 I soon shall mount the upper skies :
 All is well.

3 Hark ! hark ! my Lord—
 My Lord and Master's voice
 Calls away :
 I soon shall see—
 Enjoy my happy choice :
 Why delay ?

Farewell, my friends, adieu, adieu !
I can no longer stay with you ;
The glitt'ring crown appears in view :
All is well.

4 Hail ! hail ! all hail—
All hail, ye blood-wash'd throng,
Saved by grace !
I come to join—
To join your rapturous song,
Saved by grace :
All, all is peace and joy divine,
And heaven and glory now are mine :
Loud hallelujahs to the Lamb !
All is well.

HYMN 406. (C. M.)

LORD of my life, length of my days,
Thy hand has rescued me,
Who, lying at the gates of death,
Among the dead was free.

2 I thought I stood upon the shore,
And nothing could I see
But the vast ocean with my eyes,—
A vast eternity.

3 I thought I heard the midnight cry,
"Behold the Bridegroom comes ;"
And I was called to the bar,
Where souls receive their dooms.

4 The world was at an end to me,
As if it all did burn ;
But lo ! there came a voice from
heaven,
Which ordered my return.

5 Lord, I return at thy command,
What wilt thou have me do ?
O let me wholly live to thee,
To whom my life I owe.

6 Fain would I dedicate to thee
The remnant of my days ;
Lord, with my life renew my heart,
That both thy name may praise.

GLORIA PATRI.

N. B. The metre marks affixed to the hymns, refer to a division of the metres, founded on the nature of the verse, into four classes, marked, I. II. III. IV. *Class I.* includes common, long, and short metres, marked—C. M., L. M., S. M. *Class II.* includes the other iambic metres, eight in number, marked—II. 1, II. 2, II. 3, II. 4, &c. which may be named ; *Two, one ; Two, two ; Two, Three, &c.* *Class III.* includes the Trochaic metres, being five in number, marked—III. 1, III. 2, III. 3, &c. which may be named ; *Three, one ; Three, Two, &c.* *Class IV.* includes the metres consisting chiefly of triplets, being five in number marked—IV. 1, IV. 2, IV. 3, &c. and may be named ; *Four one ; Four, two, &c.*

CLASS I.

C. M.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

L. M.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom earth and heaven
Be glory, as it was of old, [adore,
Is now, and shall be evermore.

S. M.

To God the Father, Son,
And Spirit, glory be,
As 'twas, and is, and shall be so,
To all eternity.

CLASS II.

II. 1.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom heaven's triumphant
And saints on earth adore ; [host
Be glory, as in ages past,
As now it is, and so shall last
When time shall be no more.

II. 2.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, [host
The God whom heaven's triumphant

And suffering saints on earth adore ;
Be glory, as in ages past.
As now it is, and so shall last
When time itself shall be no more.

II. 3.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be glory in the highest given,
By all in earth, and all in heaven,
As was through ages heretofore,
Is now, and shall be evermore.

II. 4.

To God the Father, Son,
And Spirit, ever bless'd,
Eternal Three in One,
All worship be address'd,
As heretofore,
It was, is now,
And shall be so
For evermore.

II. 5.

To God the Father, and to God the
Son,
To God the Holy Spirit, Three in One,
Be praise from all on earth and all in
heaven,
As was, and is, and ever shall be given.

II. 6.

Eternal praise be given,
 And songs of highest worth,
 By all the hosts of heaven,
 And all the saints on earth,
 To God, supreme confess'd,
 To Christ his only Son,
 And to the Spirit bless'd,
 Eternal Three in One.

II. 7.

To Father, Son, and Spirit bless'd,
 Supreme o'er earth and heaven,
 Eternal Three in One confess'd,
 Be highest glory given,
 As was through ages heretofore,
 Is now, and shall be evermore,
 By all in earth and heaven.

II. 8.

By all on earth, and all in heaven,
 Be everlasting glory given,
 To God the Father, God the Son,
 And God the Spirit, equal Three
 In undivided Unity,
 Ere time had yet its course begun :
 As was, and is, be highest praise,
 As still shall be through endless days.

CLASS III.

III. 1.

Holy Father, Holy Son,
 Holy Spirit, Three in One !
 Glory, as of old, to thee,
 Now and evermore shall be.

III. 2.

Praise the name of God most high,
 Praise him, all below the sky,
 Praise him, all ye heavenly host,
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost :
 As through countless ages past,
 Evermore his praise shall last.

III. 3.

Praise the Father, earth and heaven,
 Praise the Son, the Spirit praise,
 As it was, and is, be given
 Glory through eternal days.

III. 4.

To the Father, throned in heaven,
 To the Saviour, Christ his Son,
 To the Spirit, praise be given,
 Everlasting Three in One :
 As of old, the Trinity
 Still is worshipped, still shall be.

III. 5.

Great Jehovah! we adore thee,
 God the Father, God the Son,
 God the Spirit, join'd in glory
 On the same eternal throne :
 Endless praises
 To Jehovah, Three in One.

CLASS IV.

IV. 1.

By angels in heaven
 Of every degree,
 And saints upon earth,
 All praise be address'd ;
 To God in three persons,
 One God ever bless'd,
 As it has been, now is,
 And ever shall be.

IV. 2.

All praise to the Father, the Son,
 And Spirit, thrice holy and bless'd,
 The eternal, supreme Three in One,
 Was, is, and shall still be address'd.

IV. 3.

All praise to the Father, all praise to
 the Son,
 All praise to the Spirit, thrice bless'd,
 The holy, eternal, supreme Three in
 One,
 Was, is, and shall still be address'd.

IV. 4.

O Father Almighty, to thee be ad-
 dress'd,
 With Christ and the Spirit, one God
 ever bless'd,
 All glory and worship from earth and
 from heaven,
 As was, and is now, and shall ever be
 given.

IV. 5.

All glory and praise to the Father be
 given,
 The Son and the Spirit from earth and
 from heaven ;
 As was, and is now, be supreme ado-
 ration,
 And ever shall be to the God of salva-
 tion.

For Hymns 145 and 185.

To the Father, to the Son,
 And Spirit, ever bless'd,
 Everlasting Three in One,
 All worship be address'd :
 Praise from all above, below,
 As through ages past,
 Now is given, and shall be so
 While endless ages last.

When used in Hymn 185, in line 6, read,
 As was throughout the ages past.

Come, let us adore him, come, bow at
 his feet,
 O give him the glory, the praise that is
 meet :
 Let joyful hosannas unceasing arise,
 And join the full chorus that gladdens
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